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11462.5 (42) Bd. April, 1888.

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LIST OF PUBLICATIONS.

For the First Year 1867-8.

1. The Proverbs and Epigrams of John Heywood. Reprinted from the Edition of 1562.
2. The Works of John Taylor the Water Poet. Reprinted from the Folio of 1630. *Part I.*

For the Second Year 1868-9.

3. The Works of John Taylor the Water Poet. Reprinted from the 1630. *Part II.*
4. The Works of John Taylor the Water Poet. Reprinted from the 1630. *Part III.* (*Completing the volume.*)
5. Zepheria. Reprinted from the Original Edition of 1594.

For the Third Year 1869-70.

6. The ΕΚΑΤΟΜΠΑΘΙΑ or Passionate Centurie of Love, by Thomas Reprinted from the Original Edition of (*circa*) 1581.
7. Works of John Taylor the Water Poet, not included in the Folio of 1630. Reprinted from the Original Editions. *First Collection.*

Henry Willoby

WILLOBY

HIS AVISA.

PRINTED FOR THE SPENSER SOCIETY.

1886.

Eng. Lib. 1127
11467.5

PRINTED BY CHARLES E. SIMMS,
MANCHESTER.

PRELIMINARY NOTICE.

THE volume now issued to the Members of the SPENSER SOCIETY is printed from a copy in the library of the President. The only copy mentioned by Mr. Hazlitt in his Hand-book of Early English Literature is in the British Museum. This had previously belonged to Mr. Mitford. In the note to Hazlitt's notice of the work it is stated that Mr. Skegg had an imperfect copy of this edition, wanting the title. The volume in the President's collection is not quite perfect, but it has been carefully collated with that in the British Museum. Hazlitt has given the title-page, in which it is described as the fifth edition ("The fifth time corrected and augmented"). The first edition was printed in 1594. Another edition with date 1596 is noticed by Hazlitt, but he says that he has never met with this nor any which was described as the third on the title. He mentions a copy at Britwell, of date 1605, which on the title-page is said to be "the fourth time corrected and augmented," and then notices one of 1609, which is also stated to be "the fourth time corrected and augmented," but which was really, says Hazlitt, the fifth edition; whilst the one now issued of 1635 is also described on the title-page as being "the fifth time corrected and augmented."

The following remarks on the poem of Willobie are to be found in Ritson's Bibliographia Poetica: "Willobie his Auisa, or the true picture of a modest maid, and of a chast and constant

wife, in hexameter verse, the little argument whereof was never heretofore published. Imprinted at London by John Windet 1594, 4to." This poem, of which the verse is remarkably smooth and fluent for its age, appears to have been published in the author's defence, by his friend Hadrian Dorrell. In the fourth edition, 1609, is inserted "The victorie of English chastitie, vnder the fained name of Avisa," subscribed "Thomas Willoby frater Henrici Willoby nuper defuncti"; "The resolution of a chast and constant wife," and "The praise of a contented mind." Dorrell, in his "Apologie showing the true meaning of Willoby his Avisa," dated, Oxford this 30th of June 1596, says, "This poeticall fiction was penned by the author at least for thirtie and fiue yeeres since (1561) and lay in waste papers in his study, as many other prettie things did, of his designing." Prefixed are commendatory verses by Abell Emet, and another, who signs Contraria Contrariis, and mentions Shakspeare's "Rape of Lucrece," but does not, as hath been hastily surmised, celebrate Shakspeare himself:

The lines are,—

> Tarquyne pluckt his glistering grape,
> And Shak-speare paints poore Lucrece rape.

The first edition 1594 was printed in 4to, 70 leaves; that of 1596, 1605, and 1609, also in 4to; the 1605, and 1609 editions having each 80 leaves. The edition of 1635, the original of this reprint, had 82 leaves, and was printed in 12mo.

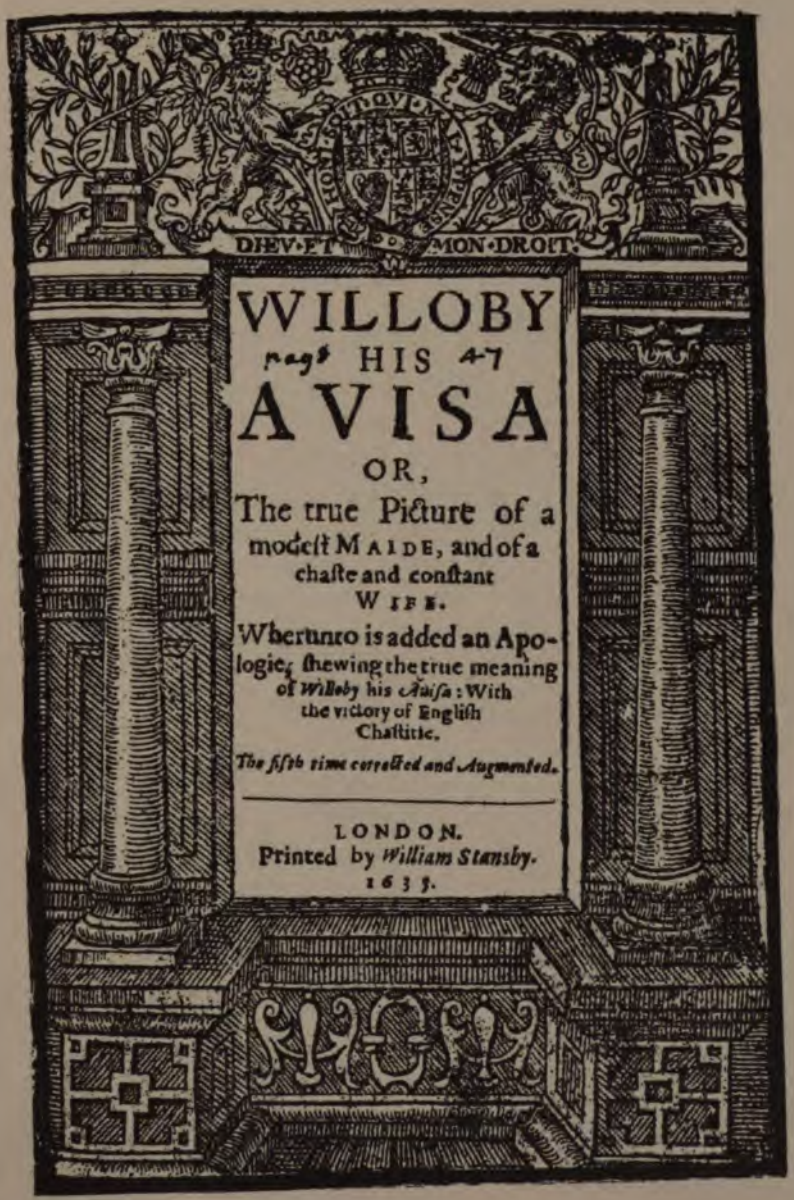
The name of the reputed author is variously spelt Willoby, Willobie, Willoughby, but who Henry Willoby was, or his friend Hadrian Dorrell, has not been well ascertained, and it is questionable whether the names are not both pseudonyms. As Ritson states, the verses are smooth and fluent, and in some of them there is considerable grace of diction.

Under Cantos 45 and 47 are some stanzas by W. S. which have excited much interest as to their possible authorship. The lines are certainly clever, witty, and piquant, and can have been from the pen of no ordinary writer, but whether they will bear the lofty authorship that has been surmised for them, many will be disposed to doubt. Though this is not the first reprint of Willoby's Avisa, yet it is the first reprint of the edition of 1638, which differs in several particulars from the previous editions, and the Council were of opinion that it deserved to be reproduced in *fac-simile*, which could fortunately be carried out from the copy in the President's possession. It is a book of excessive rarity, and will, it is hoped, be acceptable to the members. The President regrets that in consequence of ill health and excessive occupation there has been undue delay in the issue of the volume. This, however, will not again occur. There are a few remaining works of George Wither, the issue of which at an early period is contemplated by the Council. At present the Council have under consideration "The Tenne Tragedies of Seneca," translated into English by Jasper Heywood, Alexander Nevile, John Studley, T. Nuce, and Thomas Newton, 1581, for the reprinting of which a copy is available.

JOHN LEIGH,

PRESIDENT.

August, 1886.



WILLOBY
reg$ HIS 47
AVISA

OR,

The true Picture of a modeſt MAIDE, and of a chaſte and conſtant WIFE.

Wherunto is added an Apologie, ſhewing the true meaning of *Willoby* his *Avisa*: With the victory of Engliſh Chaſtitie.

The fifth time corrected and Augmented.

LONDON.
Printed by *William Stansby*.
1633.

To all the conſtant Ladies and *Gentlewomen of England that feare God.*

PArdon me (ſweete Ladies) if at this preſent, I depriue you of a iuſt Apologie in defence of your conſtant Chaſtities, deſerued of many of you, and long ſithence promiſed by my ſelfe, to ſome of you: and pardon me the ſooner, for that I haue long expected that the ſame ſhould haue beene performed by ſome of your ſelues, which I know are well able, if you were but ſo well willing to write in your owne praiſe, as many men in theſe dayes (whoſe tongues are tipt with poyſon) are too ready and ouer willing to ſpeake and write to your diſgrace. This occaſion had been moſt fit, (publiſhing now the praiſe of a conſtant Wife) if I had beene but almoſt ready. But the future time may againe reueale as fit a meanes hereafter for the performance of the ſame: if ſo it ſeeme good to him that moderateth all. Concerning this booke which I haue promiſed to dedicate to the ſafe protection of your accuſtomed curteſies, if you aske mee for the perſons: I am al-

together ignorant of them, and haue ſet them downe onely as I finde them named or deſciphered in my authour. For the truth of this action, if you enquire, I will more fully deliuer my opinion hereafter. Touching the ſubſtance of the matter it ſelfe, I thinke verily that the nature, words, geſtures, promiſes, and very quint eſſence, as it were, is there liuely deſcribed, of ſuch lewde chapmen as vſe to entiſe ſilly Maids, and aſſaile the Chaſtitie of honeſt women. And no doubt but ſome of you, that haue beene tryed in the like caſe, (if euer you were tried) ſhall in ſome one part or other acknowledge it to be true. If mine Author haue found a Britaine *Lucretia*, or an Engliſh *Suſanna*, enuy not at her praiſe (good Ladyes) but rather endeauour to deſerue the like. There may be as much done for any you, as he hath done for his AVISA. Whatſoeuer is in me, I haue vowed it wholy, to the exalting of the glory of your ſweete ſexe, as time, occaſion and ability ſhall permit. In the meane time I reſt yours in all dutifull affection, and commend you all to his protection, vnder whoſe mercy, we enioy all.

Yours moſt affectionate

Hadrian Dorrell.

To

To the gentle and cour-
teous Reader.

IT is not long ſithence (gentle Reader) that my very good friend and chamberfellow M. Henry Willoby, *a young man and a ſcholler of very good hope, being deſirous to ſee the faſhions of other countries for a time, departed voluntary to her Maieſties ſeruice. Who at his departure choſe me amongſt the reſt of his friends, vnto whom he repoſed ſo much truſt, that he deliuered me the key of his ſtudy and the vſe of all his bookes till his returne. Amongſt which (peruſing them at leiſure) I found many pretty and witty conceits, as I ſuppoſe of his owne doing. One among the reſt I fancied ſo much, that I haue ventured ſo farre vpon his friendſhip, as to publiſh it without his conſent. As I thinke it not neceſſarie, to be ouer curious in another mans labour, ſo yet ſomething I muſt ſay for the better vnderſtanding of the whole matter. And therefore, firſt for the thing it ſelfe, whether it be altogether fained, or in ſome part true, or altogether*

true, and yet in moſt part poetically ſhadowed, you muſt giue me leaue to ſpeake by coniecture, and not by knowledge. My coniecture is doubtful, and therefore I make you the Iudges. Concerning the name of Auiſa, *I thinke it to be a fained name like vnto* Ouids Corinna, *and there are two cauſes that make me thus ſo thinke: Firſt, for that I neuer heard of any of that name that I remember; and next, for that in a voide Paper rolled vp in this booke, I found this very name* AVISA, *written in great letters, a pretty diſtance a ſunder, and vnder euery letter, a word beginning with the ſame letter, in this forme.*

A· V· I· S· A·

Amans. Vxor. inuiolata. ſemper. amanda.

That is in effect. A louing wife, that neuer violated her faith, is alwayes to be beloued. *Which makes me coniecture, that he minding for his recreation to ſet out the Idæa of a conſtant wife, (rather deſcribing what good Wiues ſhould doe, then regiſtring what any hath done) deuiſed a womans name, that might fitly expreſſe this womans nature, whom hee would aime at: deſirous in this (as I coniecture) to imitate a far off, either* Plato *in his common-wealth, or* More *in his Vtopia. This my ſurmiſe of his meaning, is confirmed alſo by the ſight of other od papers that I found, wherein he had, as I take it, out of* Cornelius Agrippa, *drawne the ſeuerall diſpoſitions of the Italian, the Spaniard, the Frenchman, the Germaine, and the Engliſhman, and how they are affected in loue. The Italian diſſembling his loue, aſſaileth the woman*

To the Reader

woman beloued, with certaine prepared wantonneſſe: he praiſeth her in written verſes, and extolleth her to the heauens.

The Spaniard is impatient in burning loue, very mad with troubled laſciuiouſneſſe, he runneth furiouſly, and with pitifull complaints, bewailing his feruent deſire, doth call vpon his Lady, and worſhippeth her, but hauing obtained his purpoſe maketh her common to all men.

The Frenchman endeuoureth to ſerue, he ſeeketh to pleaſure his woman with ſongs and diſports, &c.

The Germane and Engliſhman being milder of nature are inflamed by little and little, but being enamored, they inſtantly require with arte, and entiſe with gifts; &c. Which ſeueral qualities are generally expreſſed by this Author in the two firſt trials or aſſaults made by the noble man, and the luſty Caualieros, Captaines or cutters, &c. Signifying by this generality; that our noblemen, gentlemen, Captaines, and luſty youths haue of late learned the faſhions of all theſe countries how to ſolicite their cauſes and court their Ladies, and louers: and this continueth from the ſecond Canto, to the end of the two and twentieth.

After this he comes to deſcribe theſe natures againe in particular examples more plainely, and beginneth firſt with the Frenchman vnder the ſhadow of theſe letters, D.B. *from the three and twentieth Canto vnto the end of the three and thirtieth. Secondly, the Engliſhman or Germane, vnder theſe Letters* D.H.

The Epiſtle

D.H. *from the* 34. *Canto vnto the end of the forty three. Laſtly, the Spaniard and Italian who more furiouſly inuadeth his loue, and more pathetically indureth, then all the reſt, from the forty foure Canto to the end of the booke. It ſeemes that in this laſt example the author names himſelfe, and ſo deſcribeth his owne loue: who that was, I know not, and I will not be curious.*

All theſe are ſo rightly deſcribed according to their nature that it may ſeeme the Author rather meant to ſhew what ſuits might be made, and how they may be anſwered, then that there hath been any ſuch thing indeed.

Theſe things of the one ſide lead me to thinke it altogether a fained matter, both for the names and the ſubſtance, and a plaine morall plot, ſecretly to inſinuate, how honeſt maides and women in ſuch temptations ſhould ſtand vpon their gard, conſidering the glory and praiſe that commends a ſpotleſſe life, and the blacke ignominy and foule contempt that waiteth vpon a wicked and diſſolute behauiour.

Yet of the other ſide, when I doe more deepely conſider of it and more narrowly weigh euery particular part, I am driuen to thinke that there is ſomething of truth hidden vnder this ſhadow. The reaſons that moue me are theſe. Firſt in the ſame paper where I found the name of Auiſa *written in great letters, as I ſaid before, I found this alſo written with the Authers owne hand, videlicet,* Yet I would not haue *Auiſa* to be thought a publike fiction, nor a truth-

leſſe

To the Reader

leſſe inuention, for it may be, that I haue at leaſt heard of one in the weſt of England, in whom the ſubſtance of all this hath beene verified, and in many things the verie words ſpecified; which hath indured theſe and many more, and many greater aſſaults, yet, as heere, ſhe ſtands vnſpotted, and vnconquered.

Againe, if we marke the exact deſcription of her birth, her country, the place of her abode, and ſuch other circumſtances, but eſpecially the matter and manner of their talkes and conferences, mee thinkes it is a matter almoſt impoſſible that any man could inuent all this without ſome ground or foundation to build on.

This inforceth me to conjecture, that though the matter be handled poetically, yet there is ſomething vnder theſe fayned names and ſhowes, that haue been done truely. Now iudge you, for I can giue no ſentence in that I know not, if there be any ſuch conſtant Wife, (as I doubt not but there may be) I wiſh that there were more would ſpring from her aſhes, and that all were ſuch. Whether my author knew, or heard of any ſuch I cannot tell, but of mine owne knowledge, I dare to ſweare that I know one A.D. *that either hath or would, if occaſion were ſo offered, indure theſe and many greater temptations with a conſtant mind and ſetled heart. And therefore here I muſt worthily reprehend the enuious rage both of heathen Poets, and of ſome Chriſtian and Engliſh writers, which ſo far debaſe the credit and ſtrength of the whole ſcxe, that*

they

they feare not with lying tongues wickedly to publiſh, that there are none at all that can continue conſtant, if they be tryed. Hereof ſprang theſe falſe accuſing ſpeeches of olde Poets.

Ludunt formoſæ: caſta eſt, quam nemo rogauit.

Faire wenches loue to play:
And they are onely chaſt whom no man doth aſſay.

And againe,

Rara auis in terris, nigroque ſimillima cygno,
Fœmina caſta volat.

A rare ſeene bird that neuer flies, on earth, ne yet in ayre,
Like blackiſh ſwan a woman chaſt, if ſhe be yong and faire.

This falſe opinion bred theſe foule mouthed ſpeeches of Fryer Mantuan, *that vpbraids all women with fleeting vnconſtancie. This made* Arioſto *and others to inuent, and publiſh ſo many lewd and vntrue tales of womens vnfaithfulnes. And this is the cauſe that in this booke yee ſhall ſo often find it obiected againſt AVISA by all her ſutors, that no woman of what degree ſoeuer can be conſtant if ſhe be much requeſted, but that the beſt will yeeld. But the beſt is, this common and coorſe conceit is receiued but onely among common, lewd, and careleſſe men, who being wicked themſelues, giue ſentence of all others according to the looſe and lawleſſe humors wherewithall they feele their owne ſtraying, and wandring affections to be infected. For they forſooth, becauſe in diuers and ſundrie places (as they often wickedly boaſt) they may for an Angel, and a great deale leſſe, haue hyred nags to ride at their pleaſure, ſuch as make a ſinne-*

To the Reader.

ſinnefull gaine of a filthy carcas; becauſe in other countries, where Stewes and Brothell houſes are winckt at they ſee oftentimes, the fayreſt and not the meaneſt flocke to the fellowſhip of ſuch filthy freedome, thinke preſently that it is but a money matter, or a little entreaty, to ouerthrow the chaſtity of any woman whatſoeuer. But if al women were indeed ſuch as the womā figured vnder the name of Auiſa *either is or at leaſt is ſuppoſed to be, they ſhould quickly reſtore againe their ancient credite, and glory, which a few wicked wantons haue thus generally obſcured. In the twenty and ſeuen Canto, I finde how* D.B. *perſwadeth with* A. *that it is a little ſin or no fault, to loue a friend beſides her husband. Whereupon enquiring more of the matter I haue heard ſome of the occupation verifie it for a truth: That among the beſt ſort, they are accounted very honeſt women in ſome cities now, that loue but one friend beſides their husband and that it is thought amongſt them a thing almoſt lawfull. If this be true, (as I hardly thinke it to be true, becauſe wicked men feare not to report any vntruths) but if it be true, I feare leaſt the ripeneſſe of our ſinne cry to the Lord for vengeance againſt vs; that tremble not at the remembrance of Gods iudgements, that haue bound a heauy curſe and woe vpon the backe and conſcience of them,* That ſpeake good of euill, and euill of good, *that is, ſuch as are growne to that point, that they are no longer aſhamed of their ſin, nor care for any honeſty, but are become wilfully deſperate in their performance of all kind of impiety.*

But

But I leaue this to the godly preachers to dilate more amply. And to returne to my purpoſe although I muſt confeſſe that of all ſorts of people, there haue beene, and will be ſtill, ſome looſely, and lewdly giuen, yet this can bee no excuſe to lauiſh tongues, to condemne all generally. For I dare to venture my hand, and my head vpon this point, that, let the foure morall vertues be in order ſet downe, { Prudence, Fortitude Temperance Iuſtice. } *and let the holy ſcriptures be ſearched from the beginning to the end, and let all the ancient hiſtories both eccleſiaſticall and prophane be thorowly examined, and there will be found women enough, that in the performance of all theſe vertues, haue matched, if not ouermatched men of euery age; which I dare my ſelfe, verifie in their behalfes vpon the venter of loſing my credite if I had time and leiſure. Among infinite numbers, to giue you a taſte of one or two, for wiſdome and iuſtice, what ſay you to* Placilla, *wife to the Emperour* Theodoſius? *Shee was wont euery day in her owne perſon to viſite the ſicke, the poore and the maimed: And if at any time ſhee ſaw the Emperour declining from iuſtice to any hard courſe, ſhe would bid him*, Remember himſelfe, from whence hee came, and what he was, in what ſtate he had beene, and in what ſtate he was now, which if he would doe, he ſhould neuer wax proud nor cruell, but rather humble, mercifull and iuſt.

Theodoret eccles. hiſt. lib. 5 cap. 27.

For

To the Reader.

For temperance, how ſay you to the wife of one Pelagius *of* Laodicea, *which being yong her ſelfe, and married to a yong and luſty man, was yet notwithſtanding contented willingly to forbeare carnall pleaſure, during her whole life. I bring not this womans example for any liking I haue to her fact, being lawfully married, but rather againſt the curious carpers at womans ſtrength, that proue that ſome women haue done that, which few can doe.* Theodor. eccl. hiſt. lib. 4. c. 10.

For Fortitude and temperance both, I find, that in Antioch, *there was a noble woman with her two daughters, rather then they would be deflowred, caſt themſelues all willingly into a great riuer, and drowned themſelues.* Euſebius lib. 8. cap. 24.

And alſo that in Rome, *there was a Senators wife, who when ſhee heard that there were meſſengers ſent from* Maxentius *the tyrant, to bring her vnto him, perforce to bee rauiſhed of him, and ſeeing that her huſband was not of ability and power to defend her, ſhee vſed this pollicie. Shee requeſted that they would giue her leaue to put on ſome better apparrel, and to attire her ſelfe more decently: which being granted, and ſhe gotten into a Chamber by her ſelfe, ſhe tooke a ſword and pierced her ſelfe to the heart, rather then ſhee would bee counted the Emperours whore.* Cap. 27. Looke for *Blandina* in Euſebius a rare example of conſtancie and fortitude.

By this may bee ſeene what may be ſaid in this argument: but leauing this to ſome other time, or to ſome other better able, I returne to my author.

For

The Epiſtle

For the perſons and matter, you haue heard my coniecture: now for the manner of the compoſition, diſpoſition, inuention and order of the verſe, I muſt leaue euery mans ſenſe to himſelfe, for that which pleaſeth me, may not fancie others. But to ſpeake my iudgement, the inuention, the argument, and the diſpoſition is not common, nor (that I know) euer handled of any man before in this order. For the compoſition and order of the verſe, although he flie not aloft with the wings of Aſtrophel, *nor dare to compare with the Arcadian ſheepheard, or any way match with the dainty Faiery Queene, yet ſhall you find his words and phraſes neither triuiall, nor abſurd; but all the whole worke, for the verſe pleaſant, without hardneſſe, ſmooth without any roughnes, ſweete without tediouſneſſe, eaſie to bee vnderſtood, without harſh abſurditie: yeelding a gracious harmony euery where, to the delight of the Reader.*

I haue chriſtned it by the name of Willoby his Auiſa, *becauſe I ſuppoſe it was his doing, being written with his owne hand. How hee will like my boldneſſe, both in the publiſhing and naming of it, I know not, For the encouraging and helping of Maides and Wiues to hold an honeſt and conſtant courſe againſt all vnhoneſt and lewde temptations, I haue done that I haue I haue not added nor detracted any thing from the worke it ſelfe, but haue let it paſſe without altering any thing, onely in the end I haue added to fill vp ſome voyd paper certaine fragments and ditties as; a reſolution of a chaſt and conſtant Wife*

To the Reader.

Wife, to the tune of fortune, and the praiſe of a contentcd mind, which I found wrapped altogether with this and therefore knew not whether it did any way belong vnto this or not.

Thus leauing to trouble your patience with farther dclaies I commit you to the good gouernement of Gods ſpirit. From my chamber in Oxford this firſt of Octobcr.

Hadrian Dorrell.

B *Abell*

Abell Emet in commendation of *Willobies Auiſa.*

TO Willoby *you worthy dames, yeeld worthy praiſe;*
Whoſe ſiluer pipe ſo ſweetly ſoūds your ſtrāge delaies
Whoſe lofty ſtile with goldē wings remoūts your fame
The glory of your princely ſexe the ſpotleſſe name,
O happy wench, who ſo ſhe be, if any bee,
That thus deſeru'd thus to be praiſ'd by Willobie,
Shall I beleeue? I muſt beleeue, ſuch one there is,
Wel haſt thou ſaid, long maiſt thou ſay, ſuch one there is,
If one there be, I can belieue there be no more:
This wicked age, theſe ſinful times breeds no ſuch ſtore
Such ſiluer mines, ſuch goldē mines who could refuſe,
Such offer made, and not recieu'd, I greatly muſe:
Such deepe deceit in friendly ſhews ſuch tempting fits,
To ſtill withſtand, do paſſe the reach of womans wits:
You countrie maides, yee Pean *nimphes reioyce & ſing*
To ſee from you a chaſt, a new Diana *ſpring:*
At whoſe report you muſt not fret you may not frowne,
But rather ſtriue by due deſert for like renowne,
Her conſtant faith in hot aſſay hath won the game,
Whoſe praiſe ſhal liue, whē ſhe is dead with laſting fame
If my conceit from ſtrangers mouth may credit get,
A brauer Theame more ſweetly pend, was neuer yet.

Abell Emet.

In prayſe of Willoby *his* Auiſa

Hexametron to the Author.

IN Lauine *land though* Liuie *boaſt*,
There haue beene ſeene a Conſtant *Dame*:
Though Rome *lament that ſhe haue loſt*
The Garland *of her rareſt fame*,
Yet now ye ſee that heere is found,
As great a Faith *in* Engliſh *ground:*

Though Collatine *haue dearely bought*,
To high renowne a laſting life,
And found, that moſt in vaine haue ſought,
To haue a faire and Conſtant *wife*
Yet Tarquine *pluckt his gliſtering grape*,
And Shake-ſpeare *paints poore* Lucrece *rape.*

Though Suſan *ſhine in faithfull praiſe*,
As twinkling ſtarres in Chryſtall skie:
Penelop's *fame though* Greekes *do raiſe*,
Of faithfull wiues to make vp three:
To thinke the Truth, *and ſay no leſſe*;
Our Auiſa *ſhall make a meſſe.*

This number knits ſo ſure a knot,
Time *doubts that he ſhall adde no more*,
Vnconſtant Nature *hath begot*,
Of Fleeting Feemes, *ſuch fickle ſtore*,
Two thouſand yeares haue ſcarely ſeene,
Such as the worſt of theſe haue beene

Then Aui-Sufan *ioyne in one,*
Let Lucres Auis *be thy name.*
This Engliſh Eagle *ſoares alone,*
And far ſurmounts all others fame,
Where high or low, where great or ſmall,
This Britan Bird *outflies them all.*

Were theſe three happy that haue found,
Braue Poets *to depaint their praiſe?*
Of Rurall Pipe, with ſweeteſt ſound,
That haue beene heard theſe many daies,
Sweet Willobie *his* Auis *bleſt,*
That makes her mount aboue the reſt.

Contraria Contrariis:

Vigilantius Dormitanus.

WIL-

WILLOBY HIS AVISA.

OR,

The true Picture of a modeſt MAIDE, *and of a chaſte* and conſtant WIFE.

CANT. I.

LEt martiall men of *Mars* his praiſe,
Sound warlike trump, let luſt-led youth
Of wicked loue write wanton layes;
Let ſhepheards ſing their ſheepecoates (ruth:
The wiſer ſort confeſſe it plaine,
That theſe haue ſpent good time in vaine.

My ſleepy Muſe that wakes but now,
Nor now had wak't if one had ſlept,
To vertues prayſe hath paſt her vow,
To paint the Roſe which grace hath kept.
Of ſweeteſt Roſe, that ſtill doth ſpring,
Of vertues bird my Muſe muſt ſing.

The bird that doth reſemble right,
The Turtles faith in conſtant loue,
The faith that firſt her promiſe plight;
No change, nor chance could once remoue:
This haue I tri'd; This dare I truſt,
And ſing the truth, I will, I muſt.

Afflicted *Suſans* ſpotleſſe thought,
Entis't by luſt to ſinfull crime,
To laſting fame her name hath brought,
Whoſe praiſe incounters endleſſe time:
I ſing of one whoſe beauties warre,
For trials paſſe *Suſanna's* farre.

The wandring Greekes renowned mate,
That ſtill withſtood ſuch hot aſſayes
Of raging luſt, whoſe doubfull ſtate
Sought ſtrong refuge, from ſtrange delayes,
For fierce aſſaults and tryals rare,
With this my Nimph may not compare.

Hot tryals trie where Gold be pure,
The Diamond daunts the ſharpeſt edge,
Light chaffe, fierce flames may not endure,
All quickely leape the lowly hedge,
The obiect of my Muſe hath paſt
Both force and flame, yet ſtands ſhe faſt.

Though Eagle-eyde this bird appeare,
Not bluſht at beames of *Phœbus* raies:
Though Faulkon wing'd to pearce the ayre,
Whoſe high-pla'ſt heart no feare diſmayes:
Yet ſprang ſhe not from Eagles neſt,
But Turtle-bred, loues Turtle beſt.

At

At weſterne ſide of Albions Ile,
Where *Auſtine* pitcht his Monkiſh tent,
Where Shepheards ſing, where Muſes ſmile,
The Graces met with one conſent,
To frame each one in ſundrie part,
Some cunning worke to ſhew their art.

Firſt *Venus* fram'd a luring eye,
A ſweet aſpect, and comely grace;
There did the Roſe and Lillie lye,
That brauely deckt a ſmiling face,
Here *Cupids* mother bent her will,
In this to ſhew her vtmoſt skill.

Then *Pallas* gaue a reaching head,
With deepe conceits, and paſſing wit,
A ſetled mind, not fancy-led,
Abhorring *Cupids* frantique fit,
With modeſt lookes, and bluſhing cheekes,
A filed tongue which none miſlikes.

Diana deckt the remnant parts,
With feature braue, that nothing lacke,
A quiuer full of piercing Darts,
She gaue her hanging at her backe;
And in her hand a golden Shaft,
To conquer *Cupids* creeping craft.

This done they come to take the view,
Of nouell worke of pereleſſe frame;
Amongſt them three, contention grew,
But yet *Diana* gaue the name,
Auiſa ſhall ſhe called be,
The chiefe attendant ſtill on me.

When *Iuno* view'd her luring grace,
Olde *Iuno* bluſht to ſee a new,
She fear'd leſt *Ioue* would like this face,
And ſo perhaps might play vntrue.
They all admir'd ſo ſweet a ſight,
They all enuide ſo rare a wight.

Beautie without riches, is as a faire pictu-re without life.

When *Iuno* came to giue her wealth,
(Which wanting beautie wants her ſelfe)
She cryde, this face needes not my pelfe,
Great riches ſow the ſeeds of ſtriſe:
I doubt not, ſome Olympian power
Will fill her lap, with golden ſhower.

Iealouſie breeds enuy. Both toge-ther breed frenzie yet neither of them both can preuaile againſt wan-dring fancy.

This iealous *Iuno* faintly faide,
As halfe miſdeeming wanton *Ioue*,
But chaſte *Diana* tooke the maide,
Such new-bred qualmes quite to remoue:
O iealous enuy, filthy beaſt,
For enuie *Iuno* gaue her leaſt.

In lew of *Iun'os* Golden part,
Diana gaue her double grace,
A chaſte deſire, a conſtant heart,
Diſdaine of loue in ſawning face,
A face, and eye, that ſhould intiſe:
A ſmile, that ſhould deceiue the wiſe.

A ſtrange baite.

A ſober tongue that ſhould allure,
And draw great numbers to the fielde;
A flinty heart, that ſhould endure,
All fierce aſſaults and neuer yeeld,
And ſeeming oft as though ſhe would;
Yet fardeſt off when that ſhe ſhould.

Can

Can filthy ſinke yeeld wholſome aire,
Or vertue from a vice proceede?
Can enuious heart, or iealous ſeare
Repell the things that are decreede?
By enuy though ſhe loſt her thrift,
She got by grace a better gift.

Not farre from thence there lies a vale,
A Roſie vale in pleaſant plaine;
The Nimphes frequent this happy dale,
Olde Helicon reuiues againe;
Here Muſes ſing, here Satyres play,
Here mirth reſounds both night and day.

At Eaſt of this a Caſtle ſtands,
By ancient Shepheards built of old,
And lately was in Shepheards hands;
Though now by brothers bought and ſolde,
At Weſt ſide ſprings a Criſtall well,
There doth this chaſte *Auiſa* dwell.

And there ſhe dwels in publique eye,
Shut vp from none that liſt to ſee;
She anſweres all that liſt to trie,
Both high and low of each degree:
But few that come, but feele her dart,
And trie her well ere they depart.

They try'd her hard in hope to gaine,
Her milde behauiour breeds their hope,
Their hope aſſures them to obtaine,
Till hauing runne their witleſſe ſcope;
They find their vice by vertue croſt,
Their fooliſh words, and labour loſt.

This

This ſtrange effect, that all ſhould craue,
Yet none obtaine their wrong deſire,
A ſecret gift that nature gaue,
To feele the froſt, amidſt the fire:
Blame not this Dians Nimph too much,
Sith God by nature made her ſuch.

Let all the Graces now be glad,
That fram'd a grace that paſt them all,
Let *Iuno* be no longer ſad;
Her wanton *Ioue* hath had a fall;
Ten yeares haue tride this conſtant dame,
And yet ſhe holds a ſpotleſſe fame.

Along this plaine there lies a downe,
Where Shepheards feede their friſking flocke;
Her Sire the Mayor of the towne,
A louely ſhout of ancient ſtocke,
Full twenty yeares ſhe liued a maide,
And neuer was by man betraide.

At length by *Iuno's* great requeſt,
Diana loth, yet gaue her leaue,
Of flowring yeares to ſpend the reſt
In wed-locke band; but yet receiue,
A good gift. Quoth ſhe, this gift; Thou virgin pure,
Chaſt wife in wed-locke ſhalt indure.

O happy man that ſhall enioy
A bleſſing of ſo rare a price;
That frees the heart from ſuch annoy;
As often doth torment the wife,
A louing wife vnto her death,
With full aſſurance of her faith.

When

When flying fame began to tell,
How beauties wonder was return'd,
From Countrie hils, in Townes to dwell,
With ſpeciall gifts and grace adorn'd,
Of Suters ſtore there might you ſee;
And ſome were men, of high degree.

But wiſedome wild her chuſe her mate,
If that ſhe lou'd a happy liſe,
That might be equall to her ſtate,
To crop the ſprigges of future ſtrife;
Where rich in grace, where ſound in health,
Moſt men doe wed but for the wealth,

Though iealous *Iuno* had denide
This happy wench, great ſtore of pelſe:
Yet is ſhe now in wed-locke tide,
To one that loues her as himſelfe,
So thus they liue, and thus they loue;
And God doth bleſſe them from aboue.

This rare-ſeene bird, this Phenix ſage
Yeelds matter to my drowſie pen,
The mirrour of this ſinfull age,
That giues vs beaſts in ſhapes of men,
Such beaſts as ſtill continue ſinne,
Where age doth leaue, there youths begin.

Our Engliſh ſoile, to *Sodoms* ſinke
Exceſſiue ſinne transformd of late,
Of foule deceite the lothſome linke,
Hath worne all faith cleane out of date,
The greateſt ſinnes mongſt greateſt ſort,
Are counted now but for a ſport.

Old

Old *Aſaes* grandame is reſtor'd;
Her grouie Caues are new refind:
2 *Chro.* 15. 16. The monſter Idoll is ador'd
By luſty dames of *Macha's* kinde:
They may not let this worſhip fall,
Although they leeſe their honours all.

Our Moab *Cozbies* caſt no feare,
To ſet in view of euery eye,
Num. 25. 6. Their gaineleſſe games they hold ſo deare,
They ſollow muſt, although they die.
For why? the ſword that *Phineas* wore,
Is broken now, and cuts no more.

My tender Muſe, that neuer try'd
Her ioynted wings till preſent time,
At firſt the peereleſſe bird eſpy'd,
That mounts aloft, deuoide of crime;
Though high ſhe ſore, yet will I trie,
Where I her paſſage can deſcrie.

Her high conceits, her conſtant mind;
Her ſober talke, her ſtout denies;
Her chaſte aduice, here ſhall you find;
Her fierce aſſaults, her milde replies,
Her daily fight with great and ſmall,
Yet conſtant vertue conquers all.

The firſt that ſaies to plucke the Roſe,
That ſcarce appear'd without the bud,
With gorgeous ſhewes of Golden gloſe,
To ſow the ſeeds that were not good:
Suppoſe it were ſome noble man
That tride her thus, and thus began.

The

The firſt tryal of Auiſa, *before ſhe was married, by a Nobleman, under which is repreſented a warning to all young maids of every degree, that they beware of the alluring inticements of great men.*

CANT. II.

NOB.

NOw is it time if thou be wiſe,
Thou happy maid; if thou canſt see
Thy happy time, take good adviſe,
Good fortune laughs, be rul'd by me:
Be ruld by me and here's my faith,
No Gold ſhall want thee till thy death.

Thou knoweſt my power, thou ſeeſt my might
Thou knoweſt I can maintain thee well
And help thy friends unto their right;
Thou ſhalt with me for ever Dwell,
My Secret friend thou ſhalt remain
And all ſhall turn to thy great gain.

Thou

Thou Seeſt thy parents mean eſtate,
That barrs the hope of greater chance,
And if thou prove not wiſe too late,
Thou mayſt thy Self and thine advance;
  Repulſe not fondly this good hap,
  That now lies offerd in thy lap.

Abandon fear that barrs conſent,
Repell the ſhame that fears a blot,
Let wiſdome weigh what faith is meant;
That all may praiſe thy happy lot;
  Think not I ſeek thy lives diſgrace,
  For thou ſhalt have a Ladies place.

Thou art the firſt my fancy choſe,
I know thy friends will like it well:
This friendly fault to none diſcloſe,
And what thou thinkſt bluſh not to tell,
  Thou ſeeſt my love thou knoweſt my mind,
  Now let me feel what grace I find.

CANT. III.

AVISA.

YOur honours place, your riper years,
  Might better frame ſome graver talkes:
Midſt Sunnie rays this cloud appears,
Sweet Roſes grow on prickle ſtalks,
  If I conceive what you requeſt,
  You aim at that I moſt deteſt.

My

My tender age that wants aduiſe,
And craues the aide of ſager guides,
Should rather learne for to be wiſe,
To ſtay my ſteps from ſlippery ſlides;
  Then thus to ſucke, then thus to taſte,
  The poys'ned ſap, that kils at laſt.

I wonder what your wiſdome meant,
Thus to aſſault a ſilly maide:
Some ſimple wench might chance conſent,
By falſe reſembling ſhewes betraide:
  I haue by grace a natiue ſhield,
  To lewde aſſaults that cannot yeeld.

I am too baſe to be your wife,
You chuſe me for your ſecret friend;
That is to leade a filthy life,
Whereon attends a fearefull end:
  Though I be poore I tell you plaine,
  To be your whore, I flat diſdaine.

Your high eſtate, your ſiluer ſhrines,
Repleate with winde and filthy ſtinke:
Your glittering gifts, your golden mines:
May force ſome fooles perhaps to ſhrinke:
  But I haue learn'd that ſweeteſt baite,
  Oft ſhrowds the hooke of moſt deceit.

What great good hap, what happy time,
Your proffer brings, yet yeelding maides,
Of former age, which thought to clime,
To higher tops of earthly aides:
  Come backe a while, and let them tell,
  Where wicked liues haue ended well.

Shores

Shores wife, a Princes ſecret friend,
Faire *Roſamond*, a Kings delight:
Yet both haue found a gaſtly end,
And fortunes friends felt fortunes ſpight:
What greater ioyes could fancy frame,
Yet now we ſee their laſting ſhame.

If Princely pallace haue no power,
To ſhade the ſhame of ſecret ſinne:
If blacke reproach ſuch names deuoure,
What gaine or glory can they win,
That tracing tracts of ſhameleſſe trade,
A hate of God and man are made?

This onely vertue muſt aduance,
My meane eſtate to ioyfull bliſſe:
For ſhee that ſwayes dame vertues launce,
Of happy ſtate can neuer miſſe:
But they that hope to gaine by vice,
Shall ſurely proue too late vnwiſe.

The roote of woe is fond deſire,
That neuer feeles her ſelfe content:
But wanton wing'd will needs aſpire,
To find the thing ſhe may lament:
A courtly ſtate, a Ladies place,
My former life will quite deface.

Such ſtrange conceits may hap preuaile,
With ſuch as loue ſuch ſtrong deceits,
But I am taught ſuch qualmes to quaile,
And flee ſuch ſweet alluring baites:
The witleſſe Flie plaies with the flame,
Till ſhe be ſcorched with the ſame.

You

You long to know what grace you find,
In me perchance, more then you would,
Except you quickly change your mind,
I find in you leſſe then I ſhould,
Moue this no more, vſe no reply,
Ile keepe mine honour till I die.

CANT. IIII.

NOB.

ALas good foule, and will you ſo?
You will be chaſte *Dianaes* mate,
Till time haue woue the web of woe,
Then to repent will be too late:
You ſhew your ſelfe ſo foole preciſe,
That I can hardly thinke you wiſe.

You ſprang belike of noble ſtocke,
That ſtand ſo much vpon your fame,
You hope to ſtay vpon the ſtocke,
That will preſerue a faultleſſe name:
But while you hunt for needleſſe prayſe,
You looſe the prime of ſweeteſt dayes.

A merry time when countrey maids,
Shall ſtand (forſooth) vpon your gard,
And dare controll the Courtiers deeds,
At honours gate that watch and ward:
When Milk-maides ſhall their pleaſures flie,
And on their credits muſt relie.

Ah ſilly wench take not a pride,
Though thou my raging fancy moue,
Thy betters farre, if they were tride,
Would faine accept my proffered loue;
T'was for thy good, if thou hadſt wiſt,
For I may haue whom ere I liſt.

But here thy folly may apeare,
Art thou preciſer then a Queene?
Queene *Ioane* of Naples did not feare,
To quite mens loue with loue againe,
And *Maſſalina*, t'is no newes,
Was daily ſeene to haunt the ſtewes.

And *Cleopatra* Prince of Nile,
With more then one was wont to play,
And yet ſhe keepes her glorious ſtile,
And fame that neuer ſhall decay;
What need'ſt thou then to feare of ſhame,
When Queenes and Nobles vſe the ſame?

CANT. V.

AVISA.

NEedes muſt the ſheepe ſtray all awry,
Whoſe ſhepheards wander from their way:
Needes muſt the ſickly patient die,
Whoſe Doctor ſeekes his liues decay:
Needs muſt the people well be taught,
Whoſe chiefeſt leaders are but naught.

Such

Such lawleſſe guides Gods people found,
When Moab Maides allur'd their fall;
They ſought no ſalue to cure this wound,
Till God commands to hang them all;
For wicked life a ſhamefull end,
To wretched men, the Lord doth ſend.

Was earth conſum'd with wrackfull waues,
Did Sodome burne and after ſincke?
What ſinne is that, which vengeance craues,
If wicked luſt no ſinne we thinke?
O blind conceits, O filthy breath;
That drawes vs headlong to our death!

If death be due to euery ſinne,
How can I then be too preciſe?
Where pleaſures end, if paine beginne,
What neede haue we then to be wiſe?
They weaue indeede the web of woe,
That from the Lord doe yeeld to goe.

I will remember whence I came,
I hunt not for this worldly prayſe,
I long to keepe a blameleſſe fame,
And conſtant heart gainſt hard aſſayes;
If this be folly, want of skill,
I will remaine thus fooliſh ſtill.

The blinſolde rage of Heathen Queenes,
Or rather queanes that knew not God;
Gods heauy iudgements tried ſince,
And felt the waight of angrie rod:
God ſaue me from that Sodomes crie,
Whoſe deadly ſting ſhall neuer die.

CANT. VI.

NOB.

FOrgiue me wench I did miſtake,
I little thought that you could preach:
All worldly ioyes you muſt forſake,
For ſo your great Diuines doe teach;
But yet beware, be not too bold,
A yongling Saint, a Diuell old.

Well wanton, well, thou art but yong,
This is the errour of thy youth,
Thou ſhalt repent this faith ere long,
And ſee too late (perhaps) the truth:
And they that ſeeme ſo pure at firſt,
Are often found in prooſe the worſt.

Thy youth and beautie will not laſt,
For ſickenes one, the other age,
May captiue take, when both are paſt,
You may haue leiſure to be ſage:
The time will come, if theſe retire,
The worſt will ſcorne what I deſire.

Of chaſte renowne you ſeeke the prayſe,
You build your hope aboue the ayre;
When wonders laſt not twenty dayes,
What need you ruſticke rumours feare?
Eſteeme not words aboue thy wealth,
Which muſt procure thy credites health.

And

And yet in truth I cannot ſee,
From whence ſuch great diſcredit growes,
To loue in ſpight of euery eye,
And ſwimme in ſilkes and braueſt ſhowes;
To take the choyce of daintieſt meate,
And ſee thy betters ſtand and waite.

Theſe graue reſpects breed pleaſures bane,
Thy youthly yeares for ioy doe craue,
And fading credite hath his wane,
That now to thee doth ſhine ſo braue.
That ſmokie fame which likes thee beſt,
The wiſeſt haue eſteemed leaſt.

CANT. VII.

AVISA.

WEll now I ſee why Chriſts commends,
To louing mates the Serpents wit,
That ſtops his eares, and ſo defends
His heart from luring ſounds vnfit:
If you your madnes will bewray,
Ile ſtop my eares, or goe my way.

Vlyſſes wiſe, yet dar'd not ſtay,
The ticing ſounds of Syrens ſong.
What fancy then doth me betray,
That thinke my ſelfe ſo wiſe and ſtrong,
That dare to heare what you dare ſpeake,
And hope for ſtrength when you be weake?

My wiſdome is the liuing Lord,
That giues me grace which nature wants,
That holds my feet from wayes abhord,
And in my heart good motions plants;
With him I dare to bide the fielde,
Striue while thou wilt I cannot yeelde,

Fond fauour failes, the time will paſſe,
All earthly pleaſures haue their end,
We ſee not that which ſometime was,
Nor that which future times will ſend,
You ſay the truth remember this,
And then confeſſe you ſtray amiſſe.

The ſhorter time, the greater care,
Are pleaſures vaine? the leſſe delight:
Are dangers nie? why then beware,
From baſe affections take your flight;
Thinke God a reckoning will require,
And ſttiue to quaile this bad deſire.

To ſwimme in ſilkes and braue array,
Is that you thinke which women loue,
That leades poore Maides ſo oft aſtray,
That are not guarded from aboue.
But this I know, that know not all,
Such wicked pride will haue a fall.

CANT.

CANT. VIII.

NOB.

ALas the feare, alas the fall,
And what's the fall that you ſo feare?
To toſſe good fortunes golden ball,
And gaine the goale I priſe ſo deare:
I doubt leſt theſe your needleſſe feares,
Will barre good hap from witleſſe yeares,

Thy age experience wants I ſee,
And lacking triall art a fraide,
Leſt venturing farre to credite me,
Our ſecret dealing might be wraide:
What then doth not my mighty name,
Suffice to ſhield thy fact from ſhame?

Who dares to ſtirre? who dares to ſpeake?
Who dares our dealings to reproue?
Though ſome ſuſpect, yet none will creake,
Or once controule thy worthy loue:
My might will ſtand for thy defence,
And quit thee cleare from great offence.

Who fees our face, knowes not our facts,
Though we our ſport in ſecret vſe,
Thy cheekes will not bewray thy acts,
But rather bluſhing make excuſe:
If thou wilt yeeld, here is my faith,
Ile keepe it ſecret till my death.

To

To ſeeme as chaſte, let that ſuffice,
Although in deed thou be not ſo,
Thus deale our women that are wiſe,
And let thy godly Doctors goe:
  Still faine as though thou godly art,
  It is enough, who knowes thy heart?

Let not the idle vulgar voyce,
Of fained credit witch thee ſo,
To force thee leaue this happy choyce,
And flying pleaſure liue in woe:
  If thou refuſe, aſſure thy minde,
  The like of this ſhalt neuer finde.

CANT. IX.

AVISA.

LEt that word ſtand, let that be true,
I did refuſe, and ſo doe ſtill,
God ſhield me from your curſed crue,
That thus are led by beaſtly will:
  It grieues my heart that I doe finde,
  In Noble blood ſo baſe a minde.

On worldly feare you thinke I ſtand,
Or fame that may my ſhame reſound,
No Sir, I feare his mightie hand,
That will both you and me confound:
  His feare it is that makes me ſtay,
  My wandring ſteps from wicked way.

Who

Who dares, ſay you, our facts vnfolde?
Euen he that mightie Kings can tame,
And he that Princes hath controlde,
He dares prouide a mightie ſhame.
What ſenſe haue you for to withſtand,
His fierie plagues, and heauie hand?

Though *Sampſon* queld the Lyons rage,
Though *Salomon*, a mightie King,
Yet when to ſinne their hearts they gage,
On both confuſion God doth bring:
How can you then his wrath auoide,
That you and yours be not deſtroide?

He ſees our facts, he viewes our deeds,
Although we ſinne in ſecret place,
A guilty conſcience alwayes bleeds,
My faults will ſhew vpon my face,
My cheekes will bluſh when I doe ſinne,
Let all men know when I beginne.

To ſeeme as chaſte, and not to be,
To beare a ſhew, and yet to faine
Is this the loue you beare to me,
To damne my ſoule in laſting paine?
If this the beſt you haue to ſay,
Pray giue me leaue to goe my way.

CANT.

CANT. X.

NOB.

WEll then I ſee you haue decreed,
And this decree muſt light on mee,
Vnhappy Lilly loues a weede,
That giues no ſent, that yeelds no glee:
Thou art the firſt I euer tride,
Shall I at firſt be thus denide?

My hapleſſe hap fell much awry,
To fixe my fancies prime delight
In haggard Hauke that mounts ſo hie,
That checkes the lure and Fawkners ſight,
But ſoare you hie, or flie you low,
Stoupe needs you muſt before you goe.

Your modeſt ſpeech is not amiſſe,
Your maidens bluſh becomes you well,
Now will I ſee how ſweete you kiſſe,
And ſo my purpoſe farther tell,
Your coy lookes and your trickes are vaine,
I will no nay, and that is plaine.

Thou muſt perforce be well content,
To let me winne thee with thy will;
Thy chieſeſt friends haue giuen conſent,
And therefore thinke it is not ill:
Abandon all thy fond delay,
And marke this well that I ſhall ſay.

My

My houſe, my heart, my land, my liſe,
My credite to thy care I giue;
And if thou liſt to be a wife,
In ſhew of honeſt ſame to liue:
  Ile fit thee one, ſhall beare thy cloke,
  And be a chimnie for the ſmoke,

But ſay the word it ſhall be done,
And what thou liſt or what thou craue,
What ſo be loſt, what euer wonne,
Shall nothing want, that thou wilt haue,
  Thou ſhalt haue all, what wilt thou more?
  Which neuer woman had before.

Here's forty Angels to beginne,
A little pledge of great good will,
To buy thee lace, to buy a pinne,
I will be carefull of thee ſtill:
  If youth be quailde, if I be olde,
  I can ſupply that with my golde.

Silke gownes and veluet ſhalt thou haue,
With hoodes and caules, fit for thy head,
Of Goldſmithes worke a border braue,
A chaine of golde tenne double ſpread:
  And all the reſt ſhall answer this,
  My purſe ſhall ſee that nothing miſſe,

Two waiting maids attendant ſtill,
Two ſeruing-men, foure geldings preſt,
Goe where you liſt, ride where you will,
No iealous thought ſhall me moleſt:
  Two hundreth pounds I doe entend,
  To giue thee yearely for to ſpend.

Of

Of this I will aſſurance make,
To ſome good friend whom thou wilt chuſe,
That this in truſt from me ſhall take,
While thou doſt liue, vnto thy vſe:
A thouſand Markes to thee I giue,
And all my Jewels while I liue.

This will I doe what euer chance,
Ile ſhortly ſend and fetch thee hence,
Thy chiefeſt friends I will aduance,
And leaue them cauſe of no offence:
For all this ſame, I onely craue,
But thy good will, that let me haue.

A modeſt maide is loth to ſay,
In open words ſhe doth conſent,
Till gentle force doe breake the ſtay,
Come on mine owne, and be content:
Poſſeſſe me of my loues deſire,
And let me taſte that I require.

CANT. XI.

AVISA.

HAnd off my Lord, this will not ſerue,
Your wiſdome wanders much awry,
From reaſons rule thus farre to ſwerue,
Ile neuer yeeld, Ile rather die,
Except you leaue, and ſo depart,
This knife ſhall ſticke within your heart.

Is

Is this the loue your franticke fit
Did ſo pretend in gloſing ſhew?
Are theſe your wayes? is this your wit
To tice and force poore Maidens ſo?
You ſtriue in vaine by raging luſt,
To gaine conſent, or make me truſt.

For who can truſt your flattering ſtile,
Your painted words, your braue pretence,
When you will ſtriue by trained wile
To force conſent to lewde offence:
Then thus to yeeld by chaunted charmes,
Ile rather die within your armes.

Your Golden Angels I repell,
Your lawleſſe luſt I heere defie;
Theſe Angels are the poſt of Hell,
That often lead poore soules awry:
Shame on them all; your eyes ſhall ſee.
Theſe Angels haue no power of me.

Your Gownes of ſilke, your golden Chaines
Your men, your maides, your hundreth pounds
Are nothing elſe but diueliſh traines,
That fill fond eares with tickling ſounds,
A bladder full of trayterous wind,
And fardeſt off from honeſt mind.

Well, ſith your meaning now is plaine,
And luſt would giue no longer leaue,
To faithleſſe heart to lye and faine,
Which might perchance in time deceiue
By Jeſus Chriſt I doe proteſt,
I'le neuer grant that you requeſt.

CANT.

CANT. XII.

NOB. Furens.

THou beggers brat, thou dunghill mate,
Thou clowniſh ſpawne, thou country gill
My loue is turnd to wreakfull hate,
Go hang and keepe thy credit ſtill:
Gad where thou liſt, aright or wrong,
I hope to ſee thee beg ere long.

Was this great offer well refus'd?
Or was this proffer all too baſe?
Am I fit man to be abus'de,
With ſuch diſgrace by flattering gaſe?
On thee or thine as I am man,
I will reuenge this if I can.

Thou thinkeſt thy ſelfe a peereleſſe piece
And peeuiſh pride that doth poſſeſſe
Thy heart, perſwads that thou art wiſe,
When God doth know the'rs nothing leſſe:
Twas not thy beauty that did moue
This fond effect but blinded loue.

I hope to ſee ſome countrie clowne,
Poſſeſſor of that flattering face,
When need ſhall force thy pride come downe
I'le laugh to ſee thy fooliſh caſe:
For thou that thinkſt thy ſelfe ſo braue,
Wilt take at laſt ſome paltrie knaue.

Thou

Thou ſelfe-will gig thou doſt deteſt,
My faithfull loue, looke to thy fame,
If thou offend I doe proteſt,
I'le bring thee out to open ſhame:
For ſith thou fain'ſt thy ſelfe ſo pure,
Looke to thy leapes that they be ſure.

I was thy friend, but now thy foe,
Thou hadſt my heart, but now my hate,
Refuſing wealth, God ſend thee woe,
Repentance now will come too late.
That tongue that did proteſt my faith
Shall waile thy pride, and wiſh thy death.

CANT. XIII.

AVISA.

YEa ſo I thought, this is the end
Of wandring luſt reſembling loue,
Wa'ſt loue or luſt that did entend
Such friendleſſe force, as you did moue?
Though you may vaunt of happier fate
I am content with my eſtate.

I rather chuſe a quiet minde,
A conſcience cleere from bloody ſins,
Then ſhort delights, and therein finde,
That gnawing worme, that neuer lins,
Your bitter ſpeeches pleaſe me more
Then all your wealth, then all your ſtore.

I loue to liue deuoide of crime,
Although I beg, although I pine,
Theſe fading ioyes for little time,
Imbrace who liſt, I heere reſigne:
How poore I goe, how meane I fare
If God be pleaſ'd I doe not care.

I rather beare your raging ire,
Although you ſweare reuengement deepe
Then yeeld for gaine to lewd deſire,
That you might laugh when I ſhould weepe
Your luſt would like but for a ſpace,
But who could ſalue my foule diſgrace.

Mine eares haue heard your taunting words;
Of yeelding fooles by you betraid,
Amongſt your mates at open boords,
Knowſt ſuch a wife? knowſt ſuch a maid?
Then muſt you laugh then muſt you winke
And leaue the reſt for them to thinke.

Nay yet well fare the happy life,
That need not bluſh at euery view,
Although I be a poore mans wife,
Yet then I'le laugh as well as you.
Then laugh as long as you thinke beſt
My fact ſhall frame you no ſuch ieſt.

If I doe hap to leape aſide,
I muſt not come to you for aide,
Alas now that you be denide,
You thinke to make me ſore afraide:
Nay watch your worſt I doe not care,
If I offend pray doe not ſpare.

You

You were my friend, you were but duſt,
The Lord is he, whom I doe loue,
He hath my heart, in him I truſt,
And he doth guard me from aboue:
I weigh not death, I feare not Hell,
This is enough, and ſo farewell.

The ſecond temptation of Auiſa, *after her marriage, by Royſters, young Gentlemen, and luſty Captaines, which all ſhe quickly cuts off.*

CANT. XIIII.

CAVELEIRO.

COme luſty wench, I like thy lookes,
And ſuch a pleaſant looke I loue,
Thine eyes are like to baited hookes,
That force the hungry fiſh to moue:
Where nature granteth ſuch a face,
I need not doubt to purchaſe grace.

I doubt not but thy inward thought
Doth yeeld as faſt as doth thine eye;
A loue in mee hath fancie wrought,
Which worke you cannot well denie;
From loue you cannot me refraine,
I ſeeke but this, loue me againe.

And

And ſo thou doeſt, I know it well,
I knew it by thy ſide-caſt glance,
Can heart from outward looke rebell?
Which yeſter night I ſpide by chance.
Thy loue (ſweet heart) ſhall not be loſt
How deare a price ſoeuer it coſt.

Aske what thou wilt thou knoweſt my mind,
Appoint the place and I will come,
Appoint the time, and thou ſhalt find,
Thou canſt not fare ſo well at home:
Few words ſuffice, where hearts conſent,
I hope thou knowſt, and art content.

Though I a ſtranger ſeeme as yet,
And ſeldome ſeene, before this day,
Aſſure thy ſelfe that thou may'ſt get
More knacks by me, then I will ſay:
Such ſtore of wealth as I will bring,
Shall make thee leape, ſhall make thee ſing.

I muſt be gone, vſe no delay,
At ſixe or ſeuen the chance may riſe,
Olde gameſters know their vantage play
And when t'is beſt to caſt the dice:
Leaue ope your point, take vp your man
And mine ſhall quickly enter than.

CANT.

CANT. XV.

AVISA.

WHat now? what newes? new wars in hand,
More trumpets blowne of fond conceits,
More banners ſpread of follies band?
New captaines coyning new deceits?
Ah woe is me! new campes are plac't
Whereas I thougt all dangers paſt.

O wretched ſoule what face haue I,
That cannot looke but ſome miſdeeme?
What ſpirit doth lurke within mine eye,
That kindles thoughts ſo much vncleane?
O luckles feature neuer bleſt,
That ſow'ſt the ſeedes of ſuch vnreſt!

What wandring fits are theſe that moue,
Your heart inrag'd with euery glance
That iudge a woman ſtraight in loue,
That welds her eye aſide by chance:
If this your hope by fancy wrought,
You hope on that I neuer thought.

If nature giue me ſuch a looke,
Which ſeemes at firſt vnchaſt or ill,
Yet ſhall it prooue no baited hooke,
To draw your luſt to wanton will:
My face and will doe not agree,
Which you in time perhaps may ſee.

If ſmiling cheere and friendly words,
If pleaſant talke ſuch thoughts procure,
Yet know my heart no will affoords,
To ſcratching Kites to caſt the lure:
If mild behauiour thus offend,
I will aſſay this fault to mend.

You plant your hope vpon the ſand,
That build on womans words, or ſmiles,
For when you thinke your ſelfe to ſtand
In greateſt grace, they proue but wiles:
When fixt you thinke on ſureſt ground,
Then ſartheſt off they will be found

CANT. XVI.

AVISA.

YOu ſpeake of loue, you talke of coſt,
Is't filthy loue your worſhip meanes?
Aſſure your ſelfe your labour's loſt,
Beſtow your coſt among your queanes,
You left not heere, nor heere ſhall find
Such mates as match your beaſtly mind.

You muſt againe to Coleman hedge,
For there be ſome that looke for gaine,
They will beſtow the French mans badge
In lieu of all your coſt and paine,
But Sir, it is againſt my vſe,
For gaine to make my houſe a ſtewes.

What

What haue you ſeene? what haue I done?
That you ſhould iudge my mind ſo light
That I ſo quickly might be wone,
Of one that came but yeſter night?
Of one I wiſt not whence he came,
Nor what he is, nor what's his name.

Though face doe friendly ſmile on all,
Yet iudge me not to be ſo kind,
To come at euery Faulkners call,
Or waue aloft with euery wind:
And you that venture thus to trie,
Shall finde how farre you ſhoote awry.

And if your face might be your iudge,
Your wanny cheekes, your ſhaggy lockes,
Would rather moue my mind to grudge,
To feare the piles, or elſe the pockes:
If you be mou'd to make amends,
Pray keepe your knacks for other friends.

You may be walking when you liſt,
Looke ther's the doore, and ther's the way;
I hope you haue your market miſt,
Your game is loſt for want of play:
The point is cloſe, no chance can fall,
That enters there, or euer ſhall.

CANT. XVII.

CAVELEIRO.

GOds wo: I thinke you doe but ieſt,
You cannot thus delude my hope:
But yet perhaps you thinke it beſt,
At firſt to giue but little ſcope:
At firſt aſſault you muſt retire,
And then be forc'd to yeeld deſire.

You thinke, that I would iudge you bad,
If you ſhould yeeld at firſt aſſay:
And you may thinke me worſe then mad,
If one repulſe ſend me away:
You thinke, you doe your credit wrong
Except you keepe your ſutors long.

But I that know the wonted guiſe,
Of ſuch as liue in ſuch a place,
Old dame experience makes me wiſe,
To know your meaning by your face:
For moſt of them that ſeeme ſo chaſt,
Deny at firſt and take at laſt.

This painted ſheath may pleaſe ſome foole,
That cannot ſee the ruſtie knife:
But I haue beene too long at ſchoole,
To thinke you of ſo pure a life:
The time and place will not permit,
That you can long here ſpotleſſe ſit.

And

And therefore wench be not ſo ſtrange,
To grant me that which others haue:
I know that women loue to change,
Tis but deceit, to ſeeme ſo graue:
I neuer haue that woman tride
By whom as yet I was denide.

Your godly zeale doth breede my truſt,
Your anger makes me hope the more:
For they are often found the worſt,
That of their conſcience make ſuch ſtore:
It's vaine to bluſh, or looke aſide,
A flat repulſe I cannot bide.

CANT. XVIII.

AVISA.

THou wicked wretch, what doſt thou thinke
There is a God that doth behold,
This ſinfull way, this Sodomes ſinke?
O wretched earth that art ſo bold,
To ieſt at God, and at his word,
Looke for his iuſt reuenging ſword.

Saint *Paul* commands vs not to eate,
With him that leades a wicked life, 1 *Cor.* 13.
Or ſhall be found to lie in waite,
To ſeeke to ſpoyle his neighbours wife:
Such wicked ſoules God doth forſake.
And dings them downe to fierie lake. *Reuelns.* 20.

A yong man was ſtricken blind for looking diſhoneſt vpon a godly woman.

A braine-ſicke youth was ſtricken blind,
That ſent his greedy eye to view
A godly wench, with godleſſe mind,
That paine might ſpring, where pleaſure grew:
Remember friend, forget not this,
And ſee you looke no more amiſſe.

The Locrenſes vſe to put out both the eyes of the adulterers,

O Iulia flower of thy time,
Where is thy law, where is thy word,
That did condemne the wedlocke crime,
To preſent death with bloudy ſword?
The ſhining of this piercing edge,
Would daunt the force of filthy rage.

The law Iulia in Rome put adulterers to the ſword.

Though ſhameleſſe Callets may be found,
That ſoile themſelues in common field,
And can carie the Whores rebound,
To ſtraine at firſt, and after yeeld:
Yet here are none of *Creſſids* kinde,
In whom you ſhall ſuch fleeting find.

The Arabians doe the like.

The time and place may not condemne,
The mind to vice that doth not ſway,
But they that vertue doe contemne,
By time and place are led aſtray:
This place doth hold one at this time,
That will not yeeld to bloody crime.

You thinke that others haue poſſeſt,
The place that you ſo lewdly craue,
Wherein you plainely haue confeſt,
Your ſelfe to be a iealous knaue:
The Roſe vnbluſht hath yet no ſtaine,
Nor euer ſhall while I remaine.

CANT.

CANT. XIX.

CAVELEIRO.

ME thinkes I heare a ſober Foxe,
Stand preaching to the gagling geeſe;
And ſhewes them out a painted boxe:
And bids them all beware of cheeſe:
Your painted boxe and godly preach,
I ſee doth hold a Foxlike reach.

Perchance you be no common card,
But loue the dainty Diamonds place,
The ten, the knaue, may be your gard
Yet you are onely ſtill the ace:
Contented cloſe in packe to lie,
But open dealing you defie.

Well, I confeſſe I did offend,
To ruſh ſo headlong to the marke;
Yet giue me leaue this fault to amend,
And craue your pardon in the darke,
Your credits fame I will not ſpill,
But come as ſecret as you will.

Nay heere's my hand, my faith I giue,
My tongue my fact ſhall not reueale,
To earthly creature while I liue,
Becauſe you loue a ſecret deale:
And where I come, I ſtill will ſay,
She would not yeeld, but ſaid me nay.

So

So ſhall your credit greater grow,
By my report and paſſing prayſe:
And they that ſcant your name doe know,
Your fame on hie, and hie ſhall rayſe:
So ſhall you gaine that you deſire,
By granting that which I require,

To plant a ſiege, and yet depart,
Before the towne be yeelded quite,
It kils a martiall minded heart,
That cannot brooke ſuch high deſpight:
Then ſay you yea, or ſay you no,
Ile ſcale your walles, before I go.

CANT. XX.

AVISA.

A Fine deuice, and well contriu'd,
Braue gold vpon a bitter pill,
No maruell well, though you haue thriu'd
That ſo can decke, that ſo can dill:
Your quaintiſh quirkes can want no mate,
But heere I wis you come too late.

It's ill to halt before the lame,
Or watch the bird that cannot ſleepe,
Your new found tricks are out of frame,
The Foxe will laugh when Aſſes weepe:
Sweare what you liſt, ſay what you will,
Before you ſpake, I knew your skill.

Your

Your ſecret dealing will not hold,
To force me trie, or make me truſt:
Your blind deuices are too old,
Your broken blade hath got the ruſt,
You need not lye, but truely ſay,
Shee would not yeeld to wanton play.

Your tongue ſhall ſpare to ſpread my fame,
I liſt not buy too deare a ſound,
Your greateſt prayſe would breed but ſhame,
Reporte of mee as you haue found:
Though you be loth to ſound retreate,
This mount's too ſtrong for you to get.

The wiſeſt captaine now and then,
When that he feeles his foe too ſtrong,
Retires betime to ſaue his men,
That grow but weake, if ſiege be long,
From this aſſault you may retyre,
You ſhall not reach that you require.

I hate to feede you with delayes,
As others doe, that meane to yeeld,
You ſpend in vaine your ſtrong aſſayes,
To winne the towne or elſe the field:
No captaine did, nor neuer ſhall,
Set ladder heere to ſcale the wall.

CANT.

The third thriall: wherein are expreſſed the long paſſionate and conſtant affections of the cloſe and warie ſuter, which by ſignes, by ſighs, by letters, priuy meſſengers, by iewels, rings, gold, diuers gifts, and by a long continued courſe of curteſie, at length preuaileth with many both Maids and Wiues, if if they be not garded wonderfully with a better ſpirite then their owne: which all are heere finely daunted and mildly ouerthrowne, by the conſtant anſweres, and chaſt replyes of Auiſa.

CANT. XXIII.

DAN. BEN.

AS flaming flakes, too cloſely pent,
With ſmothering ſmoake in narrow vault,
Each hole doth trie, to get a vent;
And force, by forces fierce aſſault,
With ratling rage doth rumbling raue,
Till flame and ſmoake free paſſage haue.

So I my (my deare) haue ſmothered long,
Within my heart a ſparkling flame,
Whoſe rebell rage is growne ſo ſtrong,
That hope is paſt to quell the ſame:
Except the ſtone, that ſtrake the fire,
With water quench this hote deſire.

The

The glancing ſpeare that made the wound,
Which rankling thus, hath bred my paine,
Muſt pearcing ſlide with freſh rebound,
And wound with wound recure againe:
That floating eye that pearc'ſt my heart,
Muſt yeeld to ſalue my cureleſſe ſmart.

I ſtriu'd, but ſtriu'd againſt the ſtreame,
To daunt the qualmes of fond deſire,
The more their courſe I did reſtraine,
More ſtrong and ſtrong they did retire:
Bare neede doth force me now to runne,
To ſeeke my helpe, where hurt begunne.

Thy preſent ſtate wants preſent aide;
A quicke redreſſe my griefe requires,
Let not the meanes be long delaide,
That yeelds vs both our hearts deſire,
If you will eaſe my penſiue heart,
I'le find a ſalue to heale your ſmart.

I am no common gameling mate,
That liſt to bowle in euery plaine,
But (wench) conſider both our ſtate,
The time is now for both to gaine:
From dangers great I ſet you free,
If you will yeeld to comfort me.

CANT.

CANT. XXIIII.

AVISA.

YOur fiery flame, your ſecret ſmart,
That inward frets with pining griefe,
Your hollow ſighes with heauy heart,
Me thinke might quickly find reliefe:
If once the certaine cauſe were knowne,
From whence theſe hard effects haue growne.

It little bootes to ſhew your ſore
To her that wants all Phyſicke skill:
But tell it them, that haue in ſtore,
Such oyles as creeping cankers kill:
I would be glad to doe my beſt,
If I had skill to giue you reſt.

Take heed, let not your griefe remaine,
Till helps do faile, and hope bee paſt,
For ſuch as firſt refuſ'd ſome paine,
A double paine haue felt at laſt:
A little ſparke, not quencht betime,
To hideous flames will quickly clime.

If godly ſorrow for your ſinne,
Be chiefeſt cauſe why you lament,
If guiltie conſcience do beginne,
To draw you truely to repent:
A ioyfull end muſt needs redound,
To happy griefe ſo ſeldome found.

To

To ſtriue all wicked luſts to quell,
Which often ſort to dolefull end,
I ioy to heare you meane ſo well,
And what you want the Lord will ſend:
But if you yeeld to wanton will,
God will depart and leaue you ſtill.

Your preſent aide with ſweet ſupply,
My preſent ſtate that might amend,
If honeſt loue be meant thereby,
I ſhall be glad of ſuch a friend:
But if you loue, as I ſuſpect,
Your loue and you I both reiect.

CANT. XXV.

DAN. BEN.

WHat you ſuſpect, I cannot tell,
What I doe meane, you may perceiue:
My workes ſhall ſhew, I wiſh you well,
If well meant loue you liſt receiue:
I haue beene long in ſecret mind,
And would be ſtill your ſecret friend.

My loue ſhould breed you no diſgrace,
None ſhould perceiue your ſecret play,
We would obſerue both time and place;
That none our dealings ſhould bewray:
Be it my fortune or my fault,
Loue makes me venture this aſſault.

You Miſtreſſe of my doubtfull chance,
You prince of this my ſole deſire,
That lulls my fancy in a trance,
The marke whereto my hopes aſpire:
  You ſee the ſore whence ſprings my griefe,
  You welde the ſterne of my reliefe.

The graueſt men of former time,
That liu'd with fame and happy life,
Haue thought it none, or petty crime,
To loue a friend beſides their wife:
  Then ſith my wife you cannot be,
  As deareſt friend account of me.

You talke of ſinne, and who doth liue,
Whoſe daily ſteps ſlide not awrie?
But too preciſe, doth deadly grieue,
The heart that yeelds not yet to die:
  When age drawes on and youth is paſt,
  Then let vs thinke of this at laſt.

CANT. XXVI.

AVISA.

O Mighty Lord, that guides this Spheare
  Defend me by thy mighty will,
From iuſt reproach, from ſhame and feare;
Of ſuch as ſeeke my ſoule to ſpill,
  Let not their counſell (Lord) preuaile,
  To force my heart to yeeld or quaile.

How

How frames it with your ſober lookes,
To ſhrowd ſuch bent of lewd conceits?
What hope hath plac'd me in your bookes,
That files me fit, for ſuch deceits?
I hope that time hath made you ſee,
No cauſe that breeds theſe thoughts in me.

Your feruent loue is filthy luſt,
And therefore leaue to talke of loue,
Your truth is treaſon vnder truſt,
A Kite in ſhape of hurtleſſe Doue:
You offer more then friendſhip would,
To giue vs braſſe in ſtead of gold.

Such ſecret frends to open foes
Doe often change with euery wind,
Such wandring fits, where folly grows,
Are certaine ſignes of wandring minde,
A fawning face, and faithleſſe heart,
In ſecret loue, breeds open ſmart.

No ſinne to breake the wedlocke faith?
No ſinne to ſwim in Sodoms ſinke?
O ſinne the ſeed and ſting of death,
O ſinfull wretch that ſo doth thinke:
Your graueſt men with all their ſchooles,
That taught you thus, were heathen fooles.

CANT. XXVII.

DAN. BEN.

FRom whence proceeds this ſodaine change?
From whence this quaint and coyeſt ſpeech?
Where did you learne to looke ſo ſtrange?
What Doctor taught you thus to preach?
Into my heart it cannot ſinke,
That you doe ſpeake as you doe thinke.

Your ſmiling face and glauncing eye,
(That promiſe grace and not deſpight)
With theſe your words doe not agree,
That ſeeme to ſhun your chiefe delight:
But giue me leaue, I thinke it ſtill,
Your words doe wander from your will.

Of women now the greateſt part,
Whoſe place and age doe ſo require,
Doe chuſe a friend whoſe faithfull heart,
May quench the flame of ſecret fire:
Now if your liking be not plac'ſt,
I know you will chuſe one at laſt.

Then chuſing one, let me be he,
If ſo our hidden fancies frame,
Becauſe you are the onely ſhee,
That firſt inrag'de my fancies flame,
If firſt you graunt me this good will,
My heart is yours and ſhall be ſtill.

I

I haue a ſrame that ſell of late,
Worth ſortie pounds, at yeerely rent,
That will I giue to mend your ſtate,
And proue my loue is truely ment:
Let not my ſute be flat denide,
And what you want ſhall be ſupplide,

Our long acquaintance makes me bold,
To ſhew my grieſe, to eaſe my mind,
For new found friends, change not the old,
The like perhaps you ſhall not finde,
Be not too raſh, take good aduiſe,
Your hap is good if you be wiſe.

CANT. XXVIII.

AVISA.

MY hap is hard and ouerbad,
To be miſdeem'd of euery man:
That thinke me quickly to be had,
That ſee me pleaſant now and than:
Yet would I not bee much agreeu'd,
If you alone were thus deceiu'd,

But you alone are not deceiu'de,
With ticing baites of pleaſant view,
But many others haue beleiu'd,
And tryde the ſame as well as you,
But they repent their folly paſt:
And ſo will you I hope at laſt.

You ſeeme as though you lately came,
From London from ſome baudy cell
Where you haue met ſome wanton dame,
That knowes the tricks of whores ſo well:
Know you ſome wiues vſe more then one?
Goe backe to them, for here are none.

For here are none that liſt to chuſe,
A nouell change where old remaine,
My choyſe is paſt, and I refuſe,
While this doth laſt to chooſe againe:
While one doth liue, I will no more,
Although I beg from dore to dore.

Beſtow your farmes among your friends
Your forty pounds cannot prouoke,
The ſetled heart whom vertue binds;
To truſt the traines of hidden hooke:
The labor's loſt that you endure,
To gorged Hauke to caſt the lure.

If luſt had led me to the ſpoyle,
And wicked will to wanton change,
Your betters that haue had the foyle,
Had cauſ'd me long ere this to range.
But they haue left, for they did ſee,
How farre they were miſtooke of me.

CANT.

CANT. XXIX.

DAN. BEN.

MIſtake indeede if this be true,
If youth can yeeld to fauours foe,
If wiſedome ſpring, where fancy grew,
But ſure I thinke it is not ſo;
Let faithfull meaning purchaſe truſt,
That likes for loue and not for luſt.

Although you ſweare you will not yeelde,
Although my death you ſhould intend,
Yet will I not forſake the field,
But ſtill remaine your conſtant friend:
Say what you liſt, flee where you will,
I am your thrall, to ſaue or ſpill.

You may command me out of ſight,
As one that ſhall no fauour find,
But though my body take this flight,
Yet ſhall my heart remaine behind.
That ſhall your guilty conſcience tell,
You haue not vſde his maſter well.

His Maſters loue he ſhall repeate,
And watch his turne to purchaſe grace,
His ſecret eye ſhall lye in waite,
Where any other gaine the place:
When we each other cannot ſee,
My heart ſhall make you thinke of mee.

To force a fancy where is none,
'Tis but in vaine, it will not hold,
But where it growes it ſelfe alone.
A little fauour makes it bold:
  Till fancy frame your free conſent,
  I muſt perforce be needs content.

Though I depart with heauy cheare,
As hauing loſt or left my heart,
With one whoſe loue I held too deare,
That now can ſmile when others ſmart:
  Yet let your Priſoner mercy ſee,
  Leſt you in time a Prisoner bee.

CANT. XXX.

AVISA.

IT makes me ſmile to ſee the bent,
Of wandring minds with folly fed,
How fine they faine, how faire they paint,
To bring a louing foole to bed,
  They will be dead except they haue,
  What ſo (forſooth) their fancies craue.

If you did ſeeke as you pretend,
Not friendleſſe luſt, but friendly loue,
Your tongue and ſpeeches would not tend,
Such lawleſſe actions ſo to moue:
  But you can wake although you winke,
  And ſweare the thing you neuer thinke.

To

To wauering men that ſpeake ſo faire,
Let women neuer credit giue,
Although they weepe, although they ſweare,
Such fained ſhewes let none belieue,
For they that thinke their words be true,
Shall ſoone their haſty credit rue.

Catullus Tum iam nulla viro iuranti fœmina credat, Nulla viri ſperet ſermones eſſe fideles: Qui dum aliquid cupiens animus prægeſtit apiſci, Nil metu unt iurare, nihil promittere parcunt. Sed ſimul ac cupida mentis ſatiata libido eſt, Dicta nihil metuêre nihil periuria curant.

When ventring luſt doth make them dare,
The ſimple wenches to betray:
For preſent time they take no care,
What they do ſweare, nor what they ſay.
But hauing once obtainde the lot,
Their words and oathes are all forgot.

Let rouing Prince from Troyes ſacke,
Whoſe fawning fram'd Queene *Dido's* fall,
Teach women wit, which wiſdome lacke,
Miſtruſt the moſt, beware of all:
When ſelfe-will rules where reaſon ſate,
Fond women oft repent too late.

The wandring paſſions of the mind,
Where conſtant vertues beare no ſway,
Such frantike fickle changes find,
That reaſon knowes not where to ſtay,
Now boaſt you then of conſtant loue,
Where luſt all vertue doth remoue.

Combat betweene reaſon & appetite. No conſtant loue where vnconſtant affections rule. That loue onely conſtant that is grounded on vertue.

DAN. BEN.

DAN. BEN. *being ſomewhat grieued with this anſwere, after long abſence, and ſilence, at length writeth as followeth.*

CANT. XXXI.

DAN BEN to AVISA. more pittie.

Canol Cole found in many places of England. *Nimpeus locus Leonicus de varia hiſt. fol* 98.

THere is a cole that burnes the more
The more you caſt cold water neere:
Like humor feedes my ſecret fore.
Not quencht, but fed by cold deſpaire:
The more I feele that you diſdaine,
The faſter doth my loue remaine.

By the Ionian Sea there is a place that burnes continually & the more water is caſt into it, the more it flames.

In Greece they finde a burning ſoyle,
That fumes in nature like the ſame,
Cold water makes the hotter broyle,
The greater froſt the greater flame:
So frames it with my loue neere loſt,
That fiercely fries amidſt the froſt.

My heart inflam'd with quenchleſſe heate,
Doth fretting fume in ſecret fire,
Theſe helliſh torments are the meate,
That daily feed this vaine deſire.
Thus ſhall I groane in gaſtly griefe,
Till you by mercy ſend reliefe.

You

You firſt inflam'd my brimſtone thought,
Your fawning fauour witcht mine eye,
O luckleſſe eye that thus haſt brought
Thy maſters heart to ſtray awry:
  Now blame your ſelfe if I offend,
  The hurt you made you muſt amend.

With theſe my lines I ſend a ring,
Leſt you might thinke you were forgot,
The poeſie meanes a pretty thing,
That bids you *Doe, but dallie not:*
  Do ſo ſweete heart, and doe not ſtay,
  For dangers grow from fond delay.

Fiue winters froſts haue ſaid to quell,
The flaming fits of firme deſire,
Fiue Summers Sunnes cannot expell,
The cold deſpaire that feeds the fire:
  This time I hope my trueth doth trie,
  Now yeeld in time, or elſe I die.

Dudum Beatus.

DAN. BEN.

CANT. XXXII.

AVISA to DAN. BEN. *more wiſedome and feare of God.*

The roote *Baaras* is good to deliuer them that are poſſeſſed with euill Spirits *Ioſephus.*

THe Indian men haue found a plant,
Whoſe vertue mad conceits doth quell,
This roote (me thinkes) you greatly want,
This raging madneſſe to repell,
If rebell fancie worke this ſpite,
Requeſt of God a better ſprite.

If you by folly did offend,
By giuing raines vnto your luſt,
Let wiſdome now theſe fancies end,
Sith thus vntwin'd is all your truſt:
If wit to will, will needs reſigne,
Why ſhould your fault be counted mine.

Your Ring and letter that you ſent,
I both returne from whence they came,
As one that knowes not what is ment,
To ſend or write to me the ſame:
You had your anſwere long before,
So that you need to ſend no more.

Your choſen poeſie ſeemes to ſhow,
That all my deedes but dallyings bee,
I neuer dallied that I know,
And that I thinke you partly ſee:
I ſhewd you firſt my meanings plaine,
The ſame is yet and ſhall remaine.

Some

Some ſay, that time doth purge the bloud,
And frantike humours brings to frame:
I maruell time hath done no good,
Your long hid griefes and qualmes to tame?
What ſecret hope doth yet remaine,
That makes theſe ſutes reuiue againe?

Time purgeth cholericke humors, and the bloud.

But die you will, and that in haſte,
Except you finde ſome quicke releiſe,
Ile warrant you, your life at laſt,
While fooliſh loue is all your griefe:
As firſt I ſaide, ſo ſay I ſtill,
I cannot yeeld, nor euer will.

Alwayes the ſame
Auiſa.

CANT. XXXIII.

The ſecond Letter of DAN. BEN. to hard-hearted AVISA, Farewell.

I Finde it true that ſome haue ſaide,
Its hard to loue and to be wiſe:
For wit is oft by loue betraide,
And brought a ſleepe by fond deuiſe:
Sith faith no fauour can procure,
My patience muſt my paine endure.

Difficile eſt diligere & ſapere Vulteius.

When

Non ſi fœmineum crebro caput igne refundas Ingenii mutes prima metallæ ſui.

When womens wits haue drawne the plot,
And of their fancy laid the frame,
Then that they hold, where good or not,
No force can moue them from the ſame:
So you, becauſe you firſt denide,
Do thinke it ſhame from that to ſlide.

As faithfull friendſhip mou'd my tongue,
Your ſecret loue, and fauour craue,
And as I neuer did you wrong,
This laſt requeſt ſo let me haue:
Let no man know what I did moue,
Let no man know that I did loue.

That will I ſay, this is the worſt,
When this is ſaid, then all is paſt,
Thou proud A'uiſa, *wert the firſt,*
Thou bard A'uiſa, *art the laſt:*
Though thou in ſorrow make me dwell,
Yet loue will make me wiſh thee well.

Write not againe, except you write,
This onely gentle word, *I will,*
This onely word will bring delight,
The reſt will breede but ſorrow ſtill.
God grant you gaine that you deſire,
By keeping that which I require.

Yet will I liſten now and then,
To ſee the end my mind will craue,
Where you will yeeld to other men,
The thing that I could neuer haue.
But what to me? where falſe or true,
Where liue or die, for aye *Adue.*

Fortuna ferenda. DAN. BEN.

DY-

DYDIMVS HARCONIVS. *ANGLO-GERMANVS.*

CANT. XXXIIII.

DY. HAR.

I Haue to ſay, yet cannot ſpeake,
The thing that I would gladly ſay;
My heart is ſtrong, though tongue be weake,
Yet will I ſpeake it as I may:
And if I ſpeake not as I ought,
Blame but the errors of my thought.

And if I thinke not as ſhould,
Blame loue that bad me ſo to thinke,
And if I ſay not what I would,
T'is modeſt ſhame that makes me ſhrinke,
For ſure their loue is very ſmall,
That can at firſt expreſſe it all.

Forgiue my bluſh, if I doe bluſh,
You are the firſt I euer tride,
And laſt whoſe conſcience I will cruſh,
If now at firſt I be denide.
I muſt be plaine, then giue me leaue,
I cannot flatter nor deceiue.

You

You know that Marchants ride for gaine,
As chiefe foundations of heir ſtate,
You ſee that we refuſe no paine,
To riſe betime and trauell late:
But farre from home this is the ſpite,
We want ſometimes our chiefe delight.

I am no Saint I muſt confeſſe,
But natur'de like to other men
My meaning you may quickly gueſſe,
I loue a woman now and then
And yet it is my common vſe,
To take aduiſe, before I chuſe.

I oft haue ſeene the Weſterne part,
And therein many a pretie elſe,
But found not any in my heart,
I like ſo well as of your ſelfe,
And if you like no worſe of mee,
We may perhaps in time agree.

CANT. XXXV.

AVISA.

WHen firſt you did requeſt to talke,
With me alone a little ſpace:
When firſt I did conſent to walke,
With you alone within this place,
From this your ſage and ſober cheare,
I thought ſome graue aduiſe to heare.

Some

Some ſay that womens faces faine,
A modeſt ſhew from wanton heart,
But giue me leaue, I ſee it plaine,
That men can play a double part,
I could not dreame, that I ſhould find,
In luſtleſſe ſhew, ſuch luſtfull mind.

You make as though you would not ſpeake
As vnacquainted yet with loue,
As though your mind you could not breake
Nor how theſe ſecret matters moue,
You bluſh to ſpeake, Alas the bluſh,
Yet this is all not worth a ruſh.

Such ſlie conceits are out of ioynt,
So foule within, ſo faire without,
Not worth in proofe a threeden point:
But now to put you out of doubt,
Your thought is farre deceiu'de of mee,
As you in in time ſhall plainely ſee.

If you had knowne my former life,
With ſpotleſſe fame that I haue held,
How firſt a maide, and then a wife,
Theſe youthly ſutes I haue repeld:
You would (I hope) correct your rate,
That iudge me thus a common mate.

Whom you haue ſeene I doe not care,
Nor reck not what you did requeſt,
I am content this flout to beare,
In that you ſay, you like me beſt:
And if you wiſh that we agree,
Correct your wrong conceit of mee:

CANT. XXXVI.

DY. HAR.

THe lymed bird by fowlers traine
Intrapt by view of pleaſant baite,
Would faine vnwinde himſelfe againe,
But feeles too late the hid deceit.
So haue I found the claſping lime,
That will ſticke faſt for longer time.

In Italy is a certaine water that falleth into the riuer Anon, of colour white, and at firſt ſeemes to be wonderfull cold, but being a while in it, it heateth the body more extreamely. *Leonicus de varia Hiſtor.*

There is a floud whoſe riuers runne,
Like ſtreames of milke, and ſeemes at firſt,
Extreamely cold, all heate to ſhunne,
But ſtay a while and quench your thirſt,
Such vehement heate there will ariſe,
As greater heate none may deuiſe.

Theſe ſtrange effects I finde inrold,
Within this place ſince my returne,
My firſt affections were but cold,
But now I feele them fiercely burne.
The more you make ſuch ſtrange retire
The more you draw my new deſire.

You thinke perchance I doe but ieſt,
Or I your ſecrets will bewray:
Or hauing got that I requeſt,
With falſe *Æneas* ſteale away,
If you ſuſpect that I will range,
Let God forſake me, when I change.

I

I will not boaſt me of my wealth,
You ſhall no gold nor Iewels want,
You ſee I am in perfect health,
And if you pleaſe to giue your grant,
A hundred pounds ſhall be your hire,
But onely doe that I require.

And heer's a Bracelet to begin,
Worth twenty Angels to be ſolde,
Beſides the reſt this ſhall you win,
And other things not to be told:
And I will come but now and then,
To void ſuſpect, none ſhall know when.

CANT. XXXVII.

AVISA.

WHy then your conſcience doth declare,
A guilty minde that ſhunnes the light,
A ſpotleſſe conſcience needs not feare,
The tongues of men, nor yet the ſight:
Your ſecret ſlides doe paſſe my skill,
And plainely ſhew your workes are ill.

Your words commend the lawleſſe rite
Of *Platoes* lawes that freedome gaue,
That men and women for delight,
Might both in common freely haue,
Yet God doth threaten cruell death,
To them that breake their wedlocke faith.

In *Plato* his common wealth, all women were cõmon, contrary to the commandement of God. *Exod.* 10, 14. *Leuc.* 18. 20. 29.

Strange pleaſures ſeeme ſweete at the beginning, but their end is as bitter as wormwood. *Prou.* 5. 3. 3. *Prou.* 6. 27. *Non tanti emam pœnitere*

The Bee beares hony in her mouth,
Yet poyſoned ſting in hinder part:
The ſpring is ſweet where pleaſure groweth,
The fall of leaſe brings ſtormy ſmart:
Vaine pleaſure ſeemes moſt ſweet at firſt,
And yet their end is ſtill accurſt.

Filthy heathen lawes. In Cyprus their Maidēs before the time of their marriage were ſet open to euery man, to gaine their dowry. *Iuſtine.*

What boſome beares hote burning coales,
And yet conſumes not with the ſame?
What feet tread fire with bared ſoles,
And are not ſinged with the flame?
Then ſtay my friend make no ſuch haſte
To buy *Repentance* at the laſt.

The Babylonians had a cuſtome, that if any were poore they ſhould procure their daughters and wiues to get money with their bodies. *Herodot: Formoſæ pretio capiuntur auare, Imitantur hamos Dona. Fœmina*

I am not of the *Cyprian* ſort,
Nor yet haue learnd the common vſe,
Of *Babel* Dames in filthy ſport,
For gaine no commers to refuſe:
What ſtormes or troubles euer grow,
I liſt not ſeeke my liuing ſo.

Your gorgeous giſts, your golden hookes,
Doe moue but fooles to looke aſide,
The wiſe ſhall ſhunne ſuch craſty crookes,
That haue ſuch falſe reſemblance tride:
But men are ſure that they will lift,
That are content to take a gift.

proſtituit ſeſe qua munera donat, Famina ſe vendit quæ data dona capit. Vulteius.

CANT.

CANT. XXXVIII.

DY. HAR.

NAy then farewell, if this bee ſo,
If you be of the purer ſtampe,
Gainſt wind and tide I cannot row,
I haue no oyle to feede that lampe:
Be not too raſh, denie not flat,
For you refuſe you know not what.

But rather take a father day,
For farther triall of my faith,
And rather make ſome wiſe delay,
To ſee and take ſome farther breath:
He may too raſhly be denide,
Whoſe faithfull heart was neuer tride.

And though I be by Iury caſt,
Yet let me liue a while in hope:
And though I bee comdemn'd at laſt,
Yet let my fancie haue ſome ſcope,
And though the body flye away,
Yet let me with the ſhadow play.

Will you receiue if I do ſend,
A token of my ſecret loue?
And ſtay vntill you ſee the end,
Of theſe effects that fancie moue?
Graunt this, and this ſhall ſalue my ſore
Although you neuer grant me more.

And thus at firſt let this ſuffice,
Inquire of me and take the view,
Of mine eſtate, with good aduice,
And I will doe the like by you:
  And as you like, ſo frame your loue,
  But paſſe not promiſe till you proue.

This haue I ſaid to ſhew my bent,
But no way ſpoken to offend,
And though my loue cannot relent,
Yet paſſed errors will I mend:
  Keepe cloſe the tenor of our talke,
  And ſay, we did for pleaſure walke.

CANT. XXXIX.

AVISA.

THen iugling mates doe moſt deceiue,
  And moſt delude the dazeled ſight
When vp they turne their folded fleeue,
With bared armes to worke their flight:
  When ſharpe-ſet Foxe begins to preach,
  Let Goſlings keepe without his reach.

And will you haue me ſet a day,
To feede your hope with vaine delayes?
Well, I will doe as you doe ſay,
And poſte you off with fainting ſtayes:
  That day ſhall breake my plighted faith,
  That drawes my laſt and gaſping breath.

If

If you will hope, then hope in this,
Ile neuer grant that you require:
If this you hope, you ſhall not miſſe,
But ſhall obtaine your hopes deſire,
If other hope you do retaine,
Your labor's loſt, your hope's in vaine.

The childe that playes with ſharpened tooles,
Doth hurt himſelfe for want of wit,
And they may well be counted fooles,
That wreſtle neere a dangerous pit:
Your looſe deſire doth hope for that,
Which I muſt needs deny you flat.

Send me no tokens of your luſt,
Such gifts I liſt not to receiue,
Such guiles ſhall neuer make me truſt,
Such broad-laid baites cannot deceiue,
For they to yeeld doe then prepare,
That grant to take ſuch profered ware.

The woman that receiueth gifts of ſuch ſutors, ſelleth her ſelfe and her libertie.

If this be it you haue to ſay,
You know my mind that cannot change,
I muſt be gon I cannot ſtay,
No fond delight can make me range,
And for a farewell this I ſweare,
You get not that I hold ſo deare.

After long abſence D. H. *happening to come in on a time ſuddenly to her houſe, and finding her all alone amongſt her Maides ſpinning, ſaid nothing: but going home wrote theſe verſes following, which he called his* Dum habui, *and ſent them vnto her.*

CANT. XL.

DY. HAR. *To* AVISA *too conſtant.*

WHilſt erſt I had my libertie,
To range the woods were fancie liſt,
The cauſe of all my miſerie,
By heedleſſe haſte my way I miſt:
Vntill I found within a plaine,
A Chriſtal Well where Nimphes remaine.

As weary of this wild-gooſe race,
That led askance, I know not where,
I choſe at length a ſhadow place,
To take the cold and pleaſant ayre;
But from the brinke of that ſame Well,
I ſaw my Heauen, or elſe my Hell.

I ſaw a bird from ioynimg groue,
That ſoaring came with comely grace,
The Lilly and Vermilion ſtroue,
In maiden like and louely face:
With ſeemely armes in ſteed of wings,
No clawes, but fingers ſet with rings.

And

And in her hand ſhee held a dart,
As being of *Diana's* traine,
O that's the cauſe of all my ſmart,
And breeder of this endleſſe paine:
The thing I ſought not there I find,
And loſt the freedome of my mind.

While on her eyes, my eyes did hang,
From rolling eye there ſprang a glance,
And therewith heard a ſudaine clang,
That ſtrake me in a deadly trance:
But wak't I ſaw blind *Cupids* craft,
And in my heart the golden ſhaft.

I ſued for grace but ſhee denide
Her lofty looke ſhee caſt awrie,
And when my folly ſhee eſpide,
Shee laught to ſee my miſerie:
Away ſhee ſoares and from my ſight,
She ſmiling takes her parting flight.

You are the bird, that bred the bane,
That ſwelleth thus in reſtleſſe thought,
You are the ſnare that thus hath tane,
And ſences all to thraldome brought:
You are the iaylor that doe keepe,
Your friend in bonds and dungeon deepe.

Renowned chaſte *Penelope*,
With all her words could not redriue
Her ſutors, till ſhee ſet a day,
In which ſhee would them anſwere giue,
When threedy ſpindlefull was grown,
Then would ſhee chuſe one for her own.

They

They daily came to ſee the end,
And euery man doth hope to be,
The choſen man, to be her friend:
But womans wiles heere men may ſee,
Her ſpill was neuer fully ſpone,
For night vndid what day had done.

I hope the like you haue decreed,
That found you ſpinning but of late,
Would God your Spill were full of threed,
That might relieue my wretched ſtate:
I will forget the wrongs are paſt,
So you will chuſe me at the laſt.

Chuſe one at length, I know you will,
Let tryed faith for ten yeares ſpace,
How euer that your ſpindle fill,
With ioy poſſeſſe that emptie place:
And if you will I doe proteſt,
My loue ſhall farre ſurmount the reſt.

Theſe lines that hope for better ſpeed,
As louing ſpies are ſent to ſee;
Where you haue ſpunne vp all your threed,
And what good hap is left for me:
Let their returne, yet make him glad,
Whom loues deſpaire, hath made ſo ſad.

D. H.

CANT.

AVISA *her anſwer to* DY. HAR. *a finall reſolution.*

CANT. XLII.

DY. HAR.

IF I be of *Diana's* traine,
As true it is I muſt confeſſe
I maruell that you ſtriue in vaine,
Where fruitleſſe hope yeelds no redreſſe
For they muſt needs continue ſad,
That ſeeke for that will not be had.

What ſeruile folly doth poſſeſſe,
Your baſe conceit, that can abide
Such piteous plaints and ſuites addreſſe,
To them that doe your ſuites deride?
For I can hardly thinke them wiſe,
That trie againe, repulſed thrice.

No *Hellens* rape, no Troyan warre,
My louing mate hath forc't away,
No *Iunos* wrath to wander farre,
From louing bed can make him ſtray:
Nor ſtay at all in forraigne land,
But heere I haue him ſtill at hand.

My

My ſweet *Vliſſes* neuer ſtayes,
From his deſired home ſo long,
That I ſhould neede ſuch rare delayes
To ſhield me from intended wrong:
My chiefe delights are alwayes nie,
And in my boſome ſweetly lie.

The ſpindle that you ſee me driue,
Hath fild the ſpill ſo often trend,
My heart is fixt, ſince that you ſee,
My wedlocke faith to choſen friend:
Then leaue to ſue, ſince that you ſee,
Your hap debars your hope from mee.

I vſe not oft to make reply,
To lines that yeeld ſuch wanton ſtore,
Let this ſuffice, that I deny,
And after this looke for no more,
My choyce is bound by lawfull band,
My oath is paſt, and that ſhall ſtand.

Alwayes the ſame
Auiſa.

CANT.

CANT. XLII.

D. H. *to chaſt* AVISA *perpetuall conſtancie.*

THis is enough: now I haue done,
I thinke indeede you doe not faine,
As others haue, that haue beene wone
In ſhorter ſpace, with leſſer paine,
And ſith you will not yeeld in deed
To theſe my wordes, yet take good heed:

My former loue was onely luſt,
As you indeed did truely ſay,
And they, ſuch loue that raſhly truſt,
Do plant the plot of ſwift decay:
But they whom Grace doth make ſo wiſe,
To high renowne, will ſurely riſe.

If you had had a waxy heart,
That would haue melt at hot deſire,
Or chaffie thoughts that could haue ſtart,
And yeeld to burne at euery fire.
What ere I did, or ſaid before,
I ſhould haue thought you but a whore.

Though ſaylers loue the common Port,
As ſafeſt harbour where to reſt,
Yet wiſe men ſeeke the ſtrongeſt fort,
And paper Caſtles moſt deteſt:
Men cannot loue ſuch as they know,
Will yeeld at ſight of euery blow.

O violata, vale, vale O violata, placebas, Inuiolata noces nunc violata mihi, Vulteius.

Sic Virgo dum intacta manet, tum chara ſuis ſed cum amiſit polluto corpore florem. Nec pueris incunda manet, nec chara puellis. Catullus.

But

But now my loue by vertue bound,
No ſtormy blaſtes can make it quaile,
Your conſtant mind a friend hath found,
Whoſe honeſt loue ſhall neuer faile,
A faithfull friend in honeſt loue,
Whom lewde affections ſhall not moue,

If you this wanton fault forgiue,
No time in me ſhall euer finde
Such lewde attempts while I doe liue,
Now that I know your conſtant minde,
My pen doth write, my heart hath ſwore,
My tongue ſuch ſpeech ſhall vſe no more.

A thouſand times I loue thee more,
Then if I had my purpoſe wonne,
Of common loue I make no ſtore,
But leaue it there where I begunne,
What oddes there is, now you may proue,
Twixt wicked luſt and honeſt loue.

Now grant I pray this laſt requeſt,
That fraudleſſe heart doth friendly ſend,
That if my faith deſerue it beſt,
Accept me for your honeſt friend:
And if I ſeeke your ſpoyle or ſhame,
Then raze me out and blot my name.

And if I ſhall this fauour find,
Then weare this ring, though you be loath,
As token of my ſimple mind,
And perfect band of faithfull oath:
The poeſie is, *No friend to faith*
That will remaine, till both our death.

Eſteeme

Eſteeme not this a painted baite,
Or golden ball caſt to deceaue:
If I doe meane ſuch lewd deceit,
Let God my ſoule in torments leaue:
I ſay no more, but thus I end,
In honeſt loue your faithfull friend. *D. H.*

CANT. XLIII.

AVISA to D. H.

YOu know that I haue laid my reſt,
From which my mind ſhall neuer ſwerue,
If all be true that you proteſt,
Then ſhall you find as you deſerue:
All hidden truth time will bewray,
This is as much as I can ſay.

Alway the ſame
AVISA.

CANT. XLIIII.

Henrico Willobego, Italo-Hiſpalenſis.

H. W. being ſodenly infected with the contagion of a fantaſticall fit, at the firſt ſight of *A*, pineth awhile in ſecret griefe, at length not able any longer to indure the burning heate of ſo feruent a humour, bewrayeth the ſecrecy of his diſeaſe vnto his familiar friend

friend W. S. who not long before had tryed the curteſie of the like paſſion, and was now newly recouered of the like infection; yet finding his friend let bloud in the ſame veine, he tooke pleaſure for a time to ſee him bleed, and in ſteed of ſtopping the iſſue, he inlargeth the wound, with the ſharpe raſor of a willing conceit, perſwading him that hee thought it a matter very eaſie to be compaſſed, and no doubt with paine diligence and ſome coſt in time to bee obtained. Thus this miſerable comforter comforting his friend with an impoſſibilitie, either for that he now would ſecretly laugh at his friends folly, that had giuen occaſion not long before vnto others to laugh at his owne, or becauſe he would ſee whether another could play his part better then himſelfe, and in viewing a far off the courſe of this louing Comedy, hee determined to ſee whether it would ſort to a happier end for this new actor, then it did for the olde player. But at length this Comedy had like to haue growne a Tragedy, by the weake and feeble eſtate that H. W. was brought vnto, by a deſperate view of an impoſſibility of obtaining his purpoſe, till Time and Neceſſity, being his beſt Phyſitions brought him a plaſter if not to heale, yet in part to eaſe his malady. In all which diſcourſe is liuely repreſented the vnruly rage of vnbridled fancy, hauing the raines to roue at liberty, with the diuers and ſundry changes of affections and temptations, which Will, ſet looſe from Reaſon, can deuiſe, &c.

H. W.

H. W.

WHat ſodaine chance or change is this
That doth bereaue my quiet reſt?
What ſurly cloud eclipſt my bliſſe,
What ſpirit doth rage within my breſt?
Such fainty qualmes I neuer found,
Till firſt I ſaw this weſterne ground:

Can change of ayre complexions change,
And ſtrike the ſenſes out of frame?
Though this be true yet this is ſtrange,
Sith I ſo lately hither came:
And yet in body cannot find
So great a change, as in my mind.

My luſtleſſe limmes doe pine away,
Becauſe my heart is dead within,
All liuely heate I feele decay,
And deadly cold his roome doth win,
My humors all are out of frame.
I freeze amid'ſt the burning flame.

I haue the feuer Hectick right,
I burne within, conſume without,
And hauing melted all my might,
Then followes death without all doubt:
O feareſull foole, that know my griefe,
Yet ſue and ſeeke for no reliefe.

I know the time, I know the place,
Both when and where my eye did view
That nouell ſhape that friendly face,
That ſo doth make my heart to rew,
O happy time if ſhe inclyne,
If not, Woe worth theſe luckleſſe eyne.

I loue the feat where ſhe did ſit,
I kiſſe the graſſe, where ſhe did tread,
Me thinkes I ſee that face as yet,
And eye, that all theſe turmoyles bred:
I enuy that this ſeat, this ground,
Such friendly grace and fauour found.

I dream't of late, God grant that dreame
Portend my good, that ſhee did meete
Me in this greene by yonder ſtreame,
And ſmiling did me friendly greete:
Where wandring dreames be iuſt or wrong,
I mind to trie ere it be long.

But yonder comes my faithfull frend,
That like aſſaults hath often tryde,
On his aduice I will depend,
Where I ſhall winne or be denyde,
And looke what counſell he ſhall giue,
That will I doe, where dye or liue.

CANT.

CANT. XLV.

W. S.

WEll met, friend *Harry*, what's the cauſe
You looke ſo pale with Lenten cheekes?
Your wanny face and ſharpened noſe
Shew plaine, your mind ſome thing miſlikes,
If you will tell me what it is,
Ile helpe to mend what is amiſſe.

What is ſhe, man, that workes thy woe,
And thus thy tickling fancy moue?
Thy drowſie eyes, and ſighes doe ſhow,
This new diſeaſe proceeds of loue,
Tell what ſhe is that witch't thee ſo,
I ſweare it ſhall no farder go.

A heauy burden wearieth one,
Which being parted then in twaine,
Seemes very light, or rather none,
And boren well with little paine:
The ſmothered flame too cloſely pent,
Burnes more extreame for want of vent.

So ſorrowes ſhrynde in ſecret breſt,
Attaint the heart with hotter rage,
Then griefes that are to friends expreſt,
Whoſe comfort may ſome part aſſwage:
If I a friend whoſe faith is tryde,
Let this requeſt not be denyde.

Exceſſiue griefes good counſells want,
And cloud the ſence from ſharpe conceits,
No reaſon rules where ſorrowes plant,
And folly feedes where fury frets,
Tell what ſhe is, and you ſhall ſee,
What hope and helpe ſhall come from mee.

CANT. XLVI.

H. W.

SEeſt yonder houſe, where hangs the badge
Of Englands Saint, when Captaines cry
Victorious land, to conquering rage,
Loe, there my hopeleſſe helpe doth ly:
And there that friendly foe doth dwell,
That makes my heart thus rage and ſwell.

CANT. XLVII.

W. S.

WEll, ſay no more: I know thy griefe,
And face from whence theſe flames ariſe,
It is not hard to find reliefe,
If thou wilt follow good aduiſe:
She is no Saint, She is no Nunne,
I thinke in time ſhe may be wonne.

At

At firſt repulſe you muſt not faint,
Nor flye the field though ſhe deny
You twice or thrice, yet manly bent,
Againe you muſt, and ſtill reply:
When time permits you not to talke,
Then let your pen and fingers walke.

Ars veleratoria.

Apply her ſtill with diuers things,
(For gifts the wiſeſt will deceaue)
Sometimes with gold, ſometimes with ringes,
No time nor fit occaſion leaue,
Though coy at firſt ſhe ſeeme and wilde,
Theſe toyes in time will make her yeelde.

Munera (crede mihi) placant hominesque Deosque.

Looke what ſhee likes, that you muſt loue,
And what ſhe hates you muſt deteſt,
Where good or bad you muſt approue,
The words and workes that pleaſe her beſt:
If ſhee be godly, you muſt ſweare,
That to offend you ſtand in feare.

You muſt commend her louing face,
For women ioy in beauties prayſe,
You muſt admire her ſober grace,
Her wiſdome and her vertuous wayes,
Say 'twas her wit and modeſt ſhow,
That made you like and loue her ſo.

Wicked wiles to deceiue witles women.

You muſt be ſecret, conſtant, free,
Your ſilent ſighes and trickling teares,
Let her in ſecret often ſee,
Then wring her hand as one that feares
To ſpeake, then wiſh ſhe were your wife,
And laſt deſire her ſaue your life.

When ſhe doth laugh, you muſt be glad,
And watch occaſion, time, and place;
When ſhe doth frowne, you muſt be ſad,
Let ſighes and ſobs requeſt her grace:
Sweare that your loue is truely ment,
So ſhe in time muſt needs relent.

CANT. XLVIII.

HEN. Will.

THe whole to ſicke good counſell giue,
Which they themſelues cannot performe,
Your words doe promiſe ſweete releiue,
To ſaue my ſhip from drowning ſtorme:
That hope is paſt, and health is ſpent,
For why my mind is Mal-content.

The flowring hearbs, the pleaſant ſpring,
That decks the fields with vernant hew,
The harmeleſſe birds that ſweetly ſing,
My hidden grieſes doe ſtill renew:
The ioyes that others long to ſee,
Is it that moſt tormenteth me.

To deſpaire of good ſucceſſe in the beginning of any action is alwayes a ſecret and moſt certaine forerunner of ill ſucceſſe that indeed doth often follow.

I greatly doubt though *March* be paſt;
Where I ſhall ſee the wiſhed *May*,
That can recure that baleſull blaſt,
Whoſe cold deſpaire wrought my decay:
My hopeleſſe clouds, that neuer cleare,
Preſage great ſorrow very neare.

I

I mirth did once, and muſicke loue,
Which both as now I greatly hate:
What vncoth ſpirit my heart doth moue,
To loth the thing I lou'd ſo late?
My greateſt eaſe in deepeſt mone,
Is when I walke my ſelfe alone.

Where thinking on my hopeleſſe hap,
My trickling teares like riuers flow,
Yet fancie luls me in her lap,
And tels me life from death ſhall grow:
Thus flattering hope makes me belieue,
My griefe in time ſhall feele relieue.

Good fortune helps the ventring wight,
That hard attempts dare vndertake:
But they that ſhun the doubtfull fight,
As cowards drudges doth forſake:
Come what there will I meane to trie,
Where winne or loſe, I can but die.

Audaces fortuna iuuat, timidoſque repellit.

CANT. XLIX.

H. Will. the firſt aſſault.

PArdon (ſweete wench) my fancies fault,
If I offend to ſhew my ſmart,
Your face hath made ſuch fierce aſſault,
And battered ſo my fenceleſſe heart,
That of my foe my life to ſaue,
For grace I am conſtraind to craue.

The raging Lyon neuer rends,
The yeelding prey, that proſtrate lyes,
Nor valiant Captaine euer bends,
His force againſt ſurrendring cryes:
Heere I ſurrender roome and right,
And yeeld the fort at Captaines fight.

You are the chiefetaine, that haue laid,
This heauie ſiege to ſtrengthleſſe fort,
And fancie that my will betraid,
Hath lent deſpaire his ſtrongeſt port:
Your glancing eyes as Canon ſhot,
Haue pearc'ſt my heart and freedome got.

When firſt I ſaw that friendly face,
Though neuer ſeene before that day,
That wit, that talke, that ſober grace,
In ſecret heart thus did I ſay:
God proſper this, for this is ſhe,
That ioy or woe muſt bring to me.

A thouſand features I haue ſeene,
For trauellers change and choyſe ſhall ſee,
In France, in Flanders, and in Spaine,
Yet none nor none cold conquer me,
Till now I ſaw this face of thine,
That makes my wittes are none of mine.

I often ſaid yet there is one,
But where or what I could not tell,
Whoſe ſight my ſence would ouercome,
I feard it ſtill, I knew it well:
And now I know you are the ſhe,
That was ordain'd to vanquiſh me.

CANT.

CANT. L.

AVISA.

WHat ſong is this that you doe ſing
What tale is this that you doe tell?
What newes is this that you doe bring.
Or what you meane I know not well?
If you will ſpeake, pray ſpeake it plaine,
Leſt elſe perhaps you loſe your paine.

My mind ſurpriz'd with houſhold cares,
Tends not darke riddles to vntwine,
My ſtate ſurcharg'd with great affaires,
To idle talke can lend no time:
For if your ſpeeches tend to loue,
Your tongue in vaine ſuch ſuites will moue.

In greeneſt graſſe the winding ſnake,
With poyſoned ſting is ſooneſt found,
A cowards tongue makes greateſt cracke:
The emptieſt caske yeelds greateſt ſound.
To hidden hurt, the bird to bring,
The fowler doth moſt ſweetly ſing.

If wandring rages haue poſſeſt
Your rouing mind at randome bent,
If idle qualmes from too much reſt,
Fond fancies to your luſt haue ſent:
Cut off the cauſe that breeds your ſmart,
Then will your ſickneſſe ſoone depart,

Idlenes the mother of al fooliſh wantonneſſe. *Dauid* being idle fell to ſtrange luſt. *Quæritur Ægiſtus quæ re ſit factus Adulter? In promptu cauſa eſt, Deſidioſus erat.*

The

Noblemen, gentlemen and Captaines by Ildenes fall to all kinde of vices.

The reſtleſſe mind that reaſons wants,
Is like the ſhip that lacks a ſterne,
The heart beſet with ſollies plants,
At wiſedomes lore repines to learne:
Some ſeeke and find what fancie liſt,
But after wiſh that they had miſt.

Who loues to tread vnknowen pathes,
Doth often wander from his way,
Who longs to laue in braueſt bathes,
Doth waſh by night and waſte by day,
Take heed betime, beware the price,
Of wicked luſt if you be wiſe.

CANT. LI.

H. W.

VNwonted liking breeds my loue,
And loue the well ſpring of my griefe,
This fancy fixt none can remoue,
None ſend redreſſe, none giue reliefe,
But onely you whoſe onely ſight,
Hath forc'd me to this pining plight.

Loue oft doth ſpring from due deſert:
As louing cauſe of true effect,
But mine proceeds from wounded heart,
As ſcholler to a nouell fect:
I beare that liking few haue bore,
I loue that neuer lou'd before.

I

I loue though doubtfull of ſucceſſe,
As blind men grope to try the way:
Yet ſtill I loue becauſe I geſſe,
You loue for loue cannnot deny:
Except you ſpring of ſauage kind,
Whom nor deſerts nor loue can blind,

Of all the graces that excell,
And vertues that are chiefly beſt,
A conſtant loue doth beare the bell,
And makes his owner euer bleſt
How blame you then the faithfull loue,
That hath his prayſe from God aboue?

Can you withſtand what ſates ordaine?
Can you reproue dame Natures frame?
Where natures ioyne, ſhall will diſclaime?
Acquit my loue: beare they the blame
That ſnuffe at faith, and looke ſo coy,
And count true loue but for a toy.

If fortune ſay it ſhall be ſo,
Then though you kicke, yet ſhall you yeeld:
Say what you liſt, you cannot goe,
Vnconquered thus from *Cupids* field:
That loue, that none could euer haue,
I giue to you, and yours I craue,

CANT.

CANT. LII.

AVISA.

WEll you are bent, I ſee, to trie
The vtmoſt liſt of ſollies race,
Your fancy hath no power to flie,
The luring baite of flattering grace:
The fiſh that leapes and neuer lookes,
Finds death vnwares in ſecret hookes.

You ſay you loue, yet ſhew no cauſe
Of this your loue or rather luſt,
Or whence this new affection growes:
Which though vntride, yet we muſt truſt:
Drie reedes that quickly yeeld to burne,
Soone out to flameleſſe cinders turne.

Such ranging loue in wrangling mates,
Is quickly found and ſooner loſt;
Such deepe deceit in all eſtates,
That ſpares no care, no paine, nor coſt,
With flattering tongues and golden gifts,
To driue poore women to their ſhifts.

Examine well, and you ſhall ſee,
Your truthleſſe treaſon termed loue:
What cauſe haue you to fancy me
That neither yet had time to proue
What I haue beene, nor what I am,
Where worthy loue, or rather ſhame?

This

This loue that you to ſtrangers beare,
Is like to headſtrong horſe and mule;
That full fed neighs on euery Mare,
Whoſe luſt outleapes the lawfull rule:
For here is ſeene your conſtant loue,
Whom ſtrange aſpects ſo quickly moue.

Beſides you know, I am a wife,
Not free but bound by plighted oath:
Can loue remaine, where filthy life
Hath ſtaind the ſoile, where vertue gro'th?
Can loue indure, where faith is fled?
Can Roſes ſpring whoſe roote is dead?

True loue is conſtant in her choyſe,
But if I yeeld to chuſe againe,
Then may you ſay with open voyce,
This is her vſe, this is her veine:
She yeelds to all; how can you than,
Loue her that yeelds to euery man?

CANT. LIII.

H.W.

IF feare and ſorrow ſharpe the wit,
And tip the tongue with ſweeter grace,
Then will and ſtile muſt finely fit,
To paint my griefe and waile my cauſe:
Sith my true loue is counted luſt,
And hope is rak't in ſpitefull duſt.

The

The cauſe that made me loue ſo ſoone,
And feeds my mind with inward ſmart,
Springs not from ſtars, nor yet the Moone,
But cloſely lies in ſecret heart:
  And if you aske I cannot tell,
  Nor why, nor how this hap befell.

If birth or beautie could haue wrought,
In luſtleſſe heart this loues effect,
Some fairer farre my loue haue ſought,
Whoſe louing lookes I did reiect.
  If now I yeeld without aſſault,
  Count this my fortune or my fault.

You are a wife, and you haue ſwore,
You will be true, yet what of this?
Did neuer wife play falſe before,
Nor for her pleaſure ſtrike amiſſe?
  Will you alone be conſtant ſtill,
  When none are chaſte, nor euer will?

A man or woman firſt may chuſe,
The loue that they may after loth,
Who can deny but ſuch may vſe,
A ſecond choyſe to pleaſure both?
  No fault to change the old for new,
  So to the ſecond they be true.

Your husband is a worthleſſe thing,
That no way can content your mind,
That no way can that pleaſure bring,
Your flowring yeeres deſires to find,
  This I will count my chiefeſt bliſſe,
  If I obtaine, that others miſſe.

Ther's

There's nothing gotten to be coy,
The purer ſtampe you muſt deteſt,
Now is your time of greateſt ioy,
Then loue the friend that loues you beſt:
  This I will count my chiefeſt bliſſe,
  If I obtaine that others miſſe.

CANT. LIIII.

AVISA.

THat others miſſe you would obtaine,
  And want of this doth make you ſad,
I ſorrow that you take ſuch paine,
To ſeeke for that will not be had;
  Your filed skill the power doth want,
  Within this plot ſuch trees to plant.

Though ſome there be that haue done ill,
And for their fancie broke their faith:
Yet doe not thinke that others will,
That feare the ſhame more then the death:
  A ſpotleſſe name is more to me,
  Then wealth, then friends, then life can be.

Are all vnconſtant, all vnfound?
Will none performe their ſworne vow?
Yet ſhall you ſay, that you haue found,
A chaſt and conſtant wife I trow:
  And you ſhall ſee, when all is done,
  Where all will yeeld, and all be wonne.

Though

Though you haue beene at common ſchoole
And entred plants in common place:
Yet you will proue your ſelfe a foole,
To iudge all women void of grace:
I doubt not but you will be brought,
Soone to repent this wicked thought.

Your ſecond change let them allow,
That liſt miſlike their primer choyce;
I lou'd him firſt, I loue him now,
To whom I gaue my yeelding voyce:
My faith and loue I will not giue,
To mortall man, while he doth liue.

What loue is this that bids me hate
The man whom nature bids me loue?
What loue is this that ſets debate,
Twixt man wife? but here I proue,
Though ſmothed words ſeeme very kind,
Yet all proceed from diuelliſh mind.

CANT. LV.

H. W.

FRom diueliſh mind? well wanton well
You thinke your ſtrength is very ſure
You thinke all women to excell,
And all temptations to indure.
Theſe glorious brags ſhew but your pride,
For all will yeeld, if they be tride.

You

You are I hope, as others be,
A woman made of fleſh and bloud,
Amongſt them all will you goe free?
When all are ill, will you be good?
Aſſure your ſelfe, I doe not faine,
Requite my loue with loue againe.

Let me be hang'd if you be ſuch,
As you pretend in outward ſhow,
Yet I commend your wiſdome much,
Which mou'd me firſt to loue you ſo:
Where men no outwards ſhewes detect;
Suſpitious minds can nought ſuſpect.

But to the matter: tell me true,
Where you your fancie can incline,
To yeeld your loue for which I ſue,
As fortune hath intangled mine:
For well I know it's nothing good;
To ſtriue againſt the raging flood.

What you miſlike, I will amend,
If yeares I want, well I will ſtay;
My goods and life heere I will ſpend,
And helpe you ſtill in what I may;
For though I ſeeme a headlong youth,
Let time be triall of my truth.

Your name by me ſhall not be crackt,
But let this tongue from out my iawes,
Be rent, and bones to peeces rackt,
If I your ſecrets doe diſcloſe:
Take good aduiſement what you ſay,
This is my good or diſmall day.

CANT. LVI.

AVISA.

YEs, ſo I will, you may be bold,
Nor will I vſe ſuch ſtrange delayes,
But that you ſhall be quickly told,
How you ſhall frame your wandring wayes,
If you will follow mine aduiſe,
Doubt not but you ſhall ſoone be wiſe.

To loue excepting honeſt loue,
I cannot yeeld aſſure your mind,
Then leaue your fruitleſſe ſuit to moue,
Leaſt like to *Syſiphus* you find,
With endleſſe labour, gaineleſſe paine,
To role the ſtone that turnes againe.

You want no yeares, but rather wit,
And due forecaſt in that you ſeeke,
To make your choyce that beſt may fit,
And this is moſt that I miſlike,
If you be free, liue where you liſt,
But ſtill beware of, Had I wiſt.

Serue God and call to him for grace,
That he may ſtay your ſlippery ſlides,
From treading out that ſinfull trace,
That leades where endleſſe ſorrow bides:
Thus ſhall you wiſely guide your feet:
Though youth and wiſdome ſeldome meet.

And

And if you find, you haue no gift,
To liue a chaſte and matchleſſe life,
Yet feare to vſe vnlawfull ſhift,
But marry with ſome honeſt wife,
With whom you may contented liue,
And wandring mind from ſolly driue.

Flie preſent pleaſure that doth bring,
Enſuing ſorrow paine and griefe.
Of death beware the poys'ned ſting,
That hatcheth horrors ſauce reliefe:
Take this of me and in the end,
I ſhall be thought your chiefeſt friend.

Puggi quel piacer preſento che ti da dolor futuro.

CANT. LVII.

HEN. Will.

IF then the wel-ſpring of my ioy,
A floud of woe in fine become,
If loue ingender loues annoy,
Then farewell life, my glaſſe is runne:
If you thus conſtant ſtill remaine,
Then muſt I die, or liue in paine.

Thrice happy they whoſe ioyned hearts,
Vnited wills haue linkt in one,
Whoſe eyes diſcerne the due deſerts,
The griping griefe, and grieuous grone,
That faith doth breed in ſetled mind,
As fancies are by fates inclinde.

And ſhall I role the reſtleſſe ſtone?
And muſt I proue the endleſſe paine?
In cureleſſe care ſhall I alone,
Conſume with griefe that yeelds no gaine?
If ſo; I curſe theſe eyes of mine,
That firſt beheld that face of thine.

Your will muſt with my woe diſpence,
Your face the founder of my ſmart,
That pleaſant looke fram'd this offence,
Theſe thrilling gripes, that gall my heart,
Sith you this wound and hurt did giue,
You muſt conſent to yeeld relieue.

How can I ceaſe, while fancie guides
The reſtleſſe raines of my deſire?
Can reaſon rule, where folly bides?
Can wit inthrald to will retire?
I little thought, I ſhould haue miſt,
I neuer feard of, Had I wiſt.

Let old men pray, let fetled heads
Inthrall their necks to wedlocke band,
Shrewd golden gyues, who euer weds
With pleaſure paine ſhall take in hand:
But I will be your faithfull friend,
If health by hope you yeeld to ſend.

CANT.

CANT. LVIII.

AVISA.

WHat filthy folly, raging luſt,
What beaſtly blindnes fancie breeds;
As though the Lord had not accurſt,
With vengeance due the ſinfull deeds?
Though vaine led youth with pleaſure ſwell,
Yet marke theſe words that I ſhall tell.

Who ſo with filthy pleaſure burnes,
His ſinfull fleſh with fiery flakes,
Muſt be conſum'd, whoſe ſoule returnes,
To endleſſe paine in burning lakes.
You ſeeme by this to wiſh me well,
To teach me tread the path to hell.

Gen. 38. 24. Whoremongers burnt.

Call you this (loue) that bringeth ſinne,
And ſowes the ſeeds of heauy cheare?
If this be loue I pray begin,
To hate the thing you loue ſo deere:
I loue no loue of ſuch a rate,
Nor fancie that which God doth hate.

But what ſaith he that long hath tride,
Of harlots all the wanton ſleights,
Beware leaſt that your heart be tide,
To fond affects by wanton ſights:
Their wandring eyes, and wanton lookes,
Catch fooles as fiſh, with painted hookes.

Their lips with oyle and hony flow,
Their tongues are fraught with flattering guile,
Amidſt their ioyes great ſorrowes grow,
For pleaſures flowriſh but a while,
Their feet to death, their ſteps to hell,
Do ſwiftly ſlide, that thus doe mell.

Then flie this dead and dreadfull loue,
This ſigne of Gods reuenging ire;
Let loue of God ſuch luſt remoue,
And quench the flames of foule deſire:
If you will count me for your friend,
You muſt both workes and words amend.

CANT. LIX.

With this bitter reply of Auiſa, H. W. *being ſomewhat daunted yet not altogether without hope, went home to his houſe, and there ſecretly in a melancolike paſſion wrote theſe verſes following.*

H. W. to AVISA my friendly foe.

THe buſie gnat about the candle,
houering ſtill doth flie,
The ſlimie fiſh about the baite,
ſtill wauering doth lie,
The fearefull Mouſe about the trap,
doth often trie his ſtrength, (length
Vntill both gnat and fiſh and mouſe, be taken at the
Euen ſo vnhappy I, doe like my greateſt baine,
Vnles you do with ſpeed, releaſe my mortal paine.

The

The light-foot Hart deſires the water brooke,
The dog moſt ſicke the greeneſt graſſe doth craue.
The wounded wight for Surgeon ſtill doth looke.
Vntil both hart & dog, & wight their medicine haue
But I with griefe th'vnhappieſt of them all,
Doe ſtill delight to be mine enemies thrall.

Mine enemy I ſay, though yet my ſweeteſt friend,
If of my ſorrows I may ſee ſome ſpeedy holſom end.

FINIS. *Chi la dura, la Vince.*

CANT. LX.

AVISA her reply to *H.W.*

THe buſie gnat for want of wit,
Doth ſindge his wings in burning flame,
The fiſh with baite will headlong flit,
Till ſhe be choaked with the ſame.
So you with gnat and fiſh will play,
Till flame and food, worke your decay.

The heedleſſe Mouſe: that tries the trap,
In haſte to reach her hearts deſire,
Doth quickly find ſuch quaint miſhap,
That barres her ſtrength from free retire,
So you will neuer ceaſe to craue,
Till you haue loſt that now you haue.

The Hart, the dogge, the wounded wight,
For water, graſſe, and Surgeon call,
Their griefes and cure are all but light,
But your conceit ſurpaſt them all:
Except you change your wanton mind,
You ſhall no eaſe, nor comfort find.

Alwayes the ſame
Auiſa.

CANT. LXI.

Wi. proſecuteth his ſuite.

WIll not your lofty ſtomacke ſtoope?
Will not this ſelfe conceit come downe
As haggard louing mirthleſſe coupe,
At friendly lure doth checke and frowne?
Blame not in this the Faulkners skill,
But blame the Hawkes vnbridled will.

Your ſharpe replyes, your frowning cheare,
To abſent lines, and preſent view,
Doth aye redouble trembling feare,
And griping griefes do ſtill renew,
Your face to me my ſole releife,
My ſight to you, your onely griefe.

O

O luckleſſe wretch, what hap had I,
To plant my loue in ſuch a ſoyle?
What furie makes me thus relie,
On her that ſeekes my vtter ſpoyle?
O Gods of loue what ſigne is this,
That in the firſt I firſt ſhould miſſe?

And can you thus increaſe my woe,
And will you thus prolong my paine?
Canſt kill the heart that loues thee ſo,
Canſt quit my loue with ſoule diſdaine?
And if thou canſt, wo worth the place,
Where firſt I ſaw that flattering face.

And ſhall my folly proue it true,
That haſty pleaſure doubleth paine,
Shall griefe rebound where ioy once grew,
Of faithfull heart is this the gaine?
Me thinkes for all your graue aduice,
(Forgiue my thought) you are not wiſe.

Would God I could reſtraine my loue,
Sith you to loue me cannot yeeld,
But I alas cannot remoue,
My fancie though I die in field;
My life doth on your loue depend,
My loue and life at once muſt end.

CANT.

CANT. LXII.

AVISA.

WHat witleſſe errors doe poſſeſſe,
The wretched minds of louing fooles
That breathleſſe runne to ſuch diſtreſſe,
That liuely heat fond ſorrow cooles?
They recke not where they ſtand or fall,
Deny them loue, take life and all.

It ſeemes a death to change their mind,
Or alter once their fooliſh will,
Such odde conceits they ſeeke to find;
As may their childiſh fancies fill,
It makes me ſmile thus now and then,
To ſee the guiſe of fooliſh men.

I cannot ſtoupe to wandring lure?
My mind is one and ſtill the ſame.
While breath, while life, while dayes indure,
I will not yeeld to worke my ſhame?
Then if you ſtriue or ſtirre in vaine,
Blame but the fruits of idle brain.

If I doe ſometimes looke awry,
As loth to ſee your blubbered face,
As loth to heare a yong man cry,
Correct for ſhame this childiſh race,
And though you weep and waile to me,
Yet let not all theſe follies ſee.

Good

Good *Harry* leaue theſe raging toyes,
That thus from reſtleſſe fancie flow,
Vnfit for men, not meet for boyes,
And let's a while talke wiſely now;
If that you loue me as you ſay,
Then ceaſe ſuch madneſſe to bewray.

If honeſt loue could breed content,
And frame a liking to your will,
I would not ſticke to giue conſent,
To like you ſo, and loue you ſtill;
But while luſt leades your loue awry,
Aſſure your ſelfe I will denie.

CANT. LXIII.

HEN. Will.

AND is it luſt that welds my loue?
Or is it but your fond ſurmiſe?
Will you condemne before you proue?
How can I thinke you to be wiſe?
O faithfull heart, yet thrice accurſt,
That art miſdeemd thus at the firſt.

If luſt did rule my reſtleſſe heart,
If onely luſt did beare the ſway,
I quickly could aſſwage my ſmart,
With choyſe, and change, for euery day:
You ſhould not laugh to ſee me weepe,
If luſt were it that ſtrake ſo deepe.

And

And yet at firſt, before I knew,
What veine it was that bled ſo ſore,
Where luſt or loue, to proue it true,
I tooke a ſalue that ſtill before
Was wont to helpe, I choſe me one,
With whom I quencht my luſt alone.

A bad argument to proue good loue.

Yet this (ſweet heart) could not ſuffice,
Nor any way content my mind,
I ſelt new qualmes, and new ariſe,
And ſtronger ſtill, and ſtrong I find,
By this, I thus doe plainely proue,
It is not luſt but faithfull loue.

And yet to proue my loue more ſure,
And ſith you will not falſe your faith,
This pining plight I will indure,
Till death doe ſtop your husbands breath:
To haue me then if you will ſay
I will not marry till that day.

If you will giue your full conſent,
When God ſhall take your husbands life,
That then you will be well content,
To be my ſpouſe and louing wife:
I will be ioyfull as before,
And till that time will craue no more.

CANT.

CANT. LXIIII.

AVISA.

NO more, no more, too much of this,
And is mine inch become an ell?
If thus you writhe my words amiſſe,
I muſt of force bid you farewell:
You ſhew in this your louing bent,
To catch at that, I neuer ment.

I thought at firſt (but this my thought
I muſt correct) that ſimple loue
In guiltleſſe heart theſe fits had wrought,
But I, the ſimple I, now proue,
That vnder ſhew of great good will,
My hearts delight you ſeeke to ſpill.

He loues me well, that tills a trap,
Of deepe deceit and deadly baine,
In dreadfull danger thus to wrap
His friend by baites of fliering traine:
Though flattering tongues can paint it braue
Your words doe ſhew what loue you haue.

I muſt conſent, and you will ſtay
My husbands death. Obtaining this,
You thinke I could not ſay you nay,
Nor of your other purpoſe miſſe,
You are deceiu'd, and you ſhall trie,
That I ſuch faith and friends defie.

Such

Such fained former faithleſſe plot,
I muſt deteſt, and tell you plaine,
If now I were to caſt my lot,
With free conſent to chuſe againe:
Of all the men I euer knew,
I would not make my choyce of you.

Let this ſuffice, and doe not ſtay,
On hope of that which will not be,
Then ceaſe your ſuit, goe where you may,
Vaine is your truſt, to hope on me.
My choyce is paſt, my heart is bent,
While that remaines to be content.

Now hauing tract the winding trace
Of falſe reſemblance, giue me leaue
From this to ſhew a ſtranger grace,
Then heretofore you did perceaue:
'Gainſt friendleſſe loue if I repine,
The fault is yours and none of mine.

CANT. LXV.

Hen. Will.

I Will not wiſh, I cannot vow
Thy hurt, thy griefe, though thou diſdaine;
Though thou refuſe I know not how
To quite my loue with loue againe:
Since I haue ſwore to be thy friend,
As I began ſo will I end.

Sweare

Sweare thou my death, worke thou my woe,
Conſpire with griefe to ſtop my breath.
Yet ſtill thy friend, and not thy foe,
I will remaine vntill my death.
Chuſe whom thou wilt, I will reſigne,
If loue or faith be like to mine.

But while I wretch too long haue lent,
My wandring eyes, to gaze on thee,
I haue both time and trauell ſpent
In vaine, in vaine: and now I ſee,
They doe but fruitleſſe paine procure,
To haggard Kites that caſt the lure.

When I am dead, yet thou maiſt boaſt:
Thou hadſt a friend a faithfull friend,
That liuing liu'd to loue thee moſt,
And lou'd thee ſtill vnto his end:
Though thou vnworthy, with diſdaine
Didſt force him liue, and dye in paine.

Now may I ſing, now ſigh, and ſay,
Farewell my life, farewell my ioy;
Now mourne by night, now weepe by day
Loue, too much loue breeds mine annoy:
What can I wiſh? what ſhould I craue?
Sith that is gone that I ſhould haue.

Though hope be turned to deſpaire,
Yet giue my tongue leaue to lament,
Beleeue me now, my heart doth ſweare,
My luckleſſe loue was truely ment,
Thou art too proud I ſay no more,
Too ſtout: and woe is me therefore.

Felice chi puo.

Auiſa hauing heard this patheticall fancie of *H. W.* and ſeeing the teares trill downe his cheekes, as halfe angry to ſee ſuch paſſionate folly in man, that ſhould haue gouernment; with a frowning countenance turned from him without further anſwere, making ſilence her beſt reply, and following the counſell of the wiſe, not to anſwere a foole in his folly, leſt he grow too fooliſh, returned quite from him, & left him alone. But he departing home, & not able by reaſon to rule the raging fume of his phantaſticall furie, caſt himſelfe vpon his bed, and refuſing both foode and comfort for many dayes together, fell at length into ſuch extremity of paſſionate affections, that as many as ſaw him, had great doubt of his health, but more of his wits, yet after a long ſpace, abſence hauing procured ſome reſpite from his ſorrowes, he takes his penne and writes as followeth.

CANT. LXVI.

Hen. Will.

I like wounded deer whoſe tender ſids are bath'd in
(blood
Frō deadly wound by fatal hand & forked ſhaft:
So bleeds my pierced heart, for ſo you think it good,
With cruelty to kill, that which you got by craft:
You ſtil did loth my life, my death ſhal be your gain
To die to do you good, I ſhal not thinke it paine.

My

My perſon could not pleaſe, my talke was out of fram
Though hart & eye could neuer brook my loathed ſight
Yet loue doth make me ſay, to keepe you out of blame,
The fault was onely mine, and that you did but right,
When I am gone, I hope my ghoſt ſhal ſhew you plain
That I did truely loue, and that I did not faine.

Now muſt I find the way to waile while life doth laſt,
Yet hope I ſoone to ſee the end of dolefull daies;
Whē floods of flowing feares, & creeping cares are paſt
Then ſhal I leaue to ſing, and write theſe doleful laies
For now I loath the food & blood that lends me breath
I count all pleaſures paine that keepe me frō my death

To darke and heauy ſhades, I now will take my flight,
Where neither tongue, nor eye ſhall tell or ſee my fall,
That there I may diſgeſt theſe dregges of thy deſpight,
And purg the clotted blood, that now my hart doth gal
In ſecret ſilence ſo, Perforce *ſhall be my ſong,*
Till truth make you confeſſe that you haue done me (wrong.

Gia ſpeme ſpenta.
H. W.

AVISA *refuſing both to come or ſend him any anſwere, after a long and melancholike deliberation, he wrote againe as followeth.*

CANT. LXVII.

HEN. Will.

THough you refuſe to come or ſend;
Yet this I ſend, though I doe ſtay,
Vnto theſe lines ſome credite lend,
And marke it well what they ſhall ſay,
They cannot hurt, then reade them all,
They doe but ſhew their maſters fall.

Though you diſdaine to ſhew remorſe,
You were the firſt, and onely wight.
Whoſe fawning features did inforce,
My will to runne beyond my might:
In female face ſuch force we ſee.
To capture them, that erſt were free.

Your onely word was then a law
Vnto my minde, if I did ſinne,
Forgiue this ſinne, but then I ſaw
My bane or bliſſe did then begin:
See what my fancie could haue done,
Your loue at firſt, if I had wonne.

All

All fortune flat I had defide,
To choyce and change defiance ſent,
No frowning fates could haue denide,
My loues purſuite, and willing bent:
  This was my mind, if I had found,
  Your loue as mine but halfe ſo ſound.

Then had I bad the helliſh route,
To frounce aloft their wrinckled front,
And curſed hagges that are ſo ſtout,
I boldly would haue bid auaunt:
  Let earth and ayre haue frownd their fill,
  So I had wrought my wiſhed will.

No raging ſtorme nor whirling blaſt,
My ſetled heart could haue annoyd,
No skie with thundring clouds ore-caſt
Had hurt, if you I had enioyd:
  Now hap is paſt, loe you may ſee,
  How euery toy tormenteth me. *Chi circa troua.*

CANT. LXVIII.

H. W.

WIth oken planckes to plaine the waues,
  What *Neptunes* rage could I haue fear'd?
To quell the gulfe that rudely raues,
What perill could haue once appear'd?
  But now that I am left alone,
  Bare thoughts inforce my heart to grone.

With thee to paſſe the chamfered grounds,
What force of feare could me reſtraine?
With thee to chaſe the *Scillan* hounds,
Me thinkes it were a pleaſant paine:
This was my thought, this was my loue,
Which none but death can yet remoue.

It then behooues my fainted ſpirit,
To loftie skies returne againe,
Sith onely death brings me delight,
Which louing liue in careleſſe paine,
What hap to ſtranger is aſſign'd,
If knowne friends doe ſuch fauour finde.

How often haue my friendly mates,
My louing errors laught to ſcorne?
How oft for thee found I debates,
Which now I wiſh had beene forborne?
But this and more would I haue done,
If I thy fauour could haue wonne.

I ſaw your gardens paſſing fine,
With pleaſant flowres lately deckt,
With Couſlips, and with Eglantine,
When woſull Woodbine lies reiect:
Yet theſe in weeds and bryers doe meete,
Although they ſeeme to ſmell ſo ſweete.

The dainty Dayſie brauely ſprings,
And cheifeſt honour ſeemes to get.
I enuie not ſuch friendly things,
But bleſſe the hand that theſe haue ſet:
Yet let the Hyſop haue his place,
That doth deſerue a ſpeciall grace.

Viui, chi vince. CANT.

CANT. LXIX.

H.W.

BVt now farewell your ſelfe ſhall ſee,
An odde exchange of friends in time,
You may perhaps then wiſh for me,
And waile too late this cruell crime:
You wiſh your ſelfe perhaps beſhrew'd,
That you to me ſuch rigor ſhew'd.

I cannot force you for to like,
Where cruell fancie doth rebell,
I muſt ſome other fortune ſeeke,
But where or how I cannot tell:
And yet I doubt where you ſhall find,
In all your life, ſo ſure a friend.

Of pleaſant dayes the date is gone,
My carcaſſe pineth in conceit;
The line of life his race hath runne,
Expecting ſound of deaths retreat:
Yet would I liue to loue thee ſtill,
And doe thee good againſt thy will.

How can I loue, how can I liue,
Whilſt that my heart hath loſt his hope?
Deſpaire abandons ſweet relieſe,
My loue and life, haue loſt their ſcope;
Yet would I liue thy feature to behold,
Yet would I loue, if I might be ſo bold.

My griefe is greene and euer ſprings,
My ſorrow full of deadly ſap,
Sweete death remoue theſe bitter things,
Giue end to hard and cruell hap:
Yet would I liue, if I might ſee,
My life or limmes might pleaſure thee.

Theſe verſes exceede meaſure, to ſhew that his affections keepe no compaſſe, and exceeding loue.

Farewell that ſweete and pleaſant walke,
The witneſſe of my faith and woe,
That oft hath heard our friendly talke,
And gaue me leaue my griefe to ſhow:
O pleaſant path, where I could ſee,
No croſſe at all but onely ſhee.

Il fine, farl tutto.

CANT. LXX.

H.W.

LIke ſilly Bat that loues the darke,
And ſeldome brookes the wiſhed light,
Obſcurely ſo I ſeeke the marke,
That aye doth vaniſh from my ſight:
Yet ſhall ſhee ſay, I dyed her friend,
Though by diſdaine ſhe ſought mine end.

Faine would I ceaſe and hold my tongue,
But loue and ſorrow ſet me on,
Needes muſt I plaine of ſpiteſull wrong,
Sith hope and health will both be gone.
When branch from inward rinde is fled,
The barke doth wiſh the body dead.

If

If euer man were borne to woe,
I am the man you know it well,
My chiefeſt friend my greateſt foe,
And heauen become my heauy hell:
This doe I feele, this doe I finde;
But who can looſe that God will binde?

For ſince the day, O diſmall day,
I firſt beheld that ſmiling face,
My fancie made her choyce ſtraight way,
And bad all other loues giue place,
Yea ſince I ſaw the louing ſight,
I freeze and frie, twixt ioy and ſpight.

Where fond ſuſpect doth keepe the gate,
There truſt is chaſed from the dore,
Then faith and truth will come too late,
Where falſhood will admit no more,
Then naked faith and loue muſt yeeld,
For lacke of fence, and flye the field.

Then eaſier were it for to chuſe,
To craule againſt the craggie hill,
Then ſuites, then ſighes, then words to vſe,
To change a froward womans will:
Then othes and vowes are all in vaine,
And truth a toy, where fancies raigne.

Ama, Chi ti ama.

CANT. LXXI.

H. Will.

MY tongue, my hand, my ready heart,
That ſpake, that felt, that freely thought:
My loue, my limmes, my inward ſmart,
Haue all performed what they ought,
Theſe all doe loue thee yet, and ſhall,
And when I change, let vengeance fall.

Shall I repent I euer ſaw
That face, that ſo can frowne on me?
How can I wiſh, when fancies draw
Mine eyes to wiſh and looke for thee:
Then though you doe deny my right,
Yet barre me not from wiſhed ſight.

And yet I craue I know not what,
Perchance my preſence breedes your paine,
And if I were perſwaded that,
I would in abſence ſtill remaine:
You ſhall not feele the ſmalleſt griefe,
Although it were to ſaue my life.

Ah, wo is me, the caſe ſo ſtands,
That ſenceleſſe papers pleade my woe,
Thy cannot weepe nor wring their hands,
But ſay perhaps that I did ſo:
And though theſe lines for mercy craue,
Who can on papers pitie haue?

O that my griefes, my ſighes, my teares,
Might plainely muſter in your view,
Then paine, not pen; then faith, not feares,
Should vouch my vowes, and writings true:
This wiſhing ſhewes a wofull want,
Of that which you by right ſhould grant.

Now fare thou well, whoſe welfare brings
Such loathſome feare and ill to me.
Yet here thy friend this farewell ſings,
Though heauy word a farewell be.
Againſt all hope if I hope ſtill,
Blame but aboundance of good will.

Grand Amore, grand Dolore,
Inopen me copia fecit.

H. W.

CANT.

CANT. LXXII.

AVISA her last reply.

YOur long Epiſtle I haue read,
Great ſtore of words and little wit,
(For want of wit theſe fancies bred)
To anſwer all I thinke not fit:
But in a word, you ſhall perceiue,
How kindly I will take my leaue.

When you ſhall ſee ſweet Lillies grow,
And flowriſh in the frozen Iſe,
When ebbing tides ſhall leaue to flow,
And mountaines to the skies ſhall riſe:
When roaring Seas doe ceaſe to raue,
Then ſhall you gaine the thing you craue.

When fiſh as haggard Hawkes ſhall flye,
When Seas ſhall flame, and Sunne ſhall freeze,
When mortall men ſhall neuer die,
And earth ſhall yeeld no hearb nor trees:
Then ſhall your word my mind remoue,
And I accept your proffered loue.

When Thames ſhall leaue his channell drye,
When ſheepe ſhall feede amidſt the ſea:
When ſtones aloft as birds ſhall flie,
And night be changed into day:
Then ſhall you ſee that I will yeeld,
And to your force reſigne the field.

Till

Till all theſe things doe come to paſſe,
Aſſure your ſelfe, you know my minde;
My heart is now as firſt it was,
I came not of dame *Chryſids* kinde:
Then leaue to hope, learne to refraine
Your minde from that, you ſeeke in vaine.

I wiſh you well, and well to fare,
And therewithall a godly minde,
Deuoide of luſt, and fooliſh care,
This if you ſeeke, this ſhall you finde,
But I muſt ſay, as erſt before;
Then ceaſe to waile and write no more.

Always the ſame
Auiſa.

Hen. Will. *was now againe ſtricken ſo dead, that he hath not yet any further aſſay, nor I thinke euer will and whether he be aliue or dead, I know not, and therefore I leaue him.*

The

The Authors concluſion.

SO thus ſhe ſtands vnconquered yet,
As Lambe amids the Lyons pawes,
Whom gifts, nor wiles, nor force of wit,
Could vanquiſh once for all their ſhewes:
To ſpeake the truth and ſay no more,
I neuer knew her like before.

Then blame me not if I proteſt,
My ſilly Muſe ſhall ſtill commend,
This conſtant *A.* aboue the reſt,
While other learne their life to mend,
My tongue on high, and high ſhall raiſe
And alwayes ſing her worthy prayſe,

While hand can write, while wit deuiſe,
While tongue is free to make report,
Her vertue ſhall be had in priſe,
Among the beſt and honeſt ſort,
And they that will miſlike of this,
I ſhall ſuſpect they ſtrike amiſſe.

Eternall then let be the fame
Of ſuch as hold a conſtant minde;
Eternall be the laſting ſhame,
Of ſuch as waue with euery winde:
Though ſome there be that will repine,
Yet ſome will prayſe this wiſh of mine.

But

But heere I ceaſe for feare of blame,
Although there be a great deale more,
That might be ſpoken of this dame,
That yet lies hid in ſecret ſtore:
If this be lik't then can I ſay,
Yee may ſee more another day.

Agitante caleſcimus illo.

FINIS.

Farewell.

THE

THE APOLOGIE,

ſhewing the true meaning of WILLOBIE his AVISA.

TO a new Edition giue me leaue to adde a new Inſtruction, for ſuch as I vnderſtand, haue made of the other, a falſe and captious conſtruction. If *Sapiens* come *à Sapore*, (as ſome will haue it, and that as the Taſte iudgeth of meates, ſo wiſe men iudge of natures and intents) I maruaile that ſome men ſo greatly affecting the name of wiſedome, haue by raſh iudgement, (the badge of folly) ſhewed themſelues ſo much vnwiſe, and without ſap. But I ſee that as it happeneth in the diſtemperature of the body, ſo it often fareth in the diſorders of the minde: for the body being oppreſſed with the venemous malice of ſome predominate humor, the feate of iudgement which is the taſte, is corrupted: and meates, which of their owne nature are wholeſome and ſweete, ſeeme vnto the mouth (ill affected) both

both bitter, vnſauorie, and vnwholeſome: So the heart being poſſeſſed with a veine of vanitie, or a ſpirit of preiudicate opinion, directeth iudgement by the line of fancie, not of reaſon: and the bitterneſſe of his owne infected folly, marres the ſweete taſte of other mens ſimple and honeſt meaning. Therefore becauſe ſome haue applyed this Poeme, as they ought not; I am inforced to ſpeake that which I thought not.

Many branches of errors, haue ſprouted forth from the roote of one fond and miſconſtrued conceite. The growing of ſuch grafts I hoped that I had ſufficiently preuented in the Preface firſt printed with this booke. But this is the generall fault of all raſh Readers, when they ſee a booke, they turne either to the middeſt, or the latter end or at all aduentures reading that which at firſt opening they happen on, if that preſently doe not fit their fancie, they will ſodainly pronounce a definitiue ſentence of condemnation, both againſt the matter and the maker: as if by the inſpiration of ſome Pythian Oracle, they were preſently brought in poſſeſſion of the whole ſence, meaning and intent of the Author, hauing reade neither the preface, nor perchance ſix lines of the whole booke.

But moſt I maruaile that one P.C. (who ſeemeth to bee a Scholler) hath beene carried away with this ſtreame of a miſconceiued folly: For I dare pawne my life, that there is no particular woman in the world, that was either partie or priuie to any one ſentence or word in that booke. This poeticall fiction was penned by the Author at leaſt for

for thirtie and fiue yeeres ſince, (as it will be proued) and lay in waſt papers in his ſtudy, as many other prettie things did, of his deuiſing; and ſo might haue continued ſtill (as his *Suſanna* yet doth) had not I, contrarie to his knowledge, with paine collected it; and (in conſideration of the good end, to which it was directed) publiſhed it. Seeing therefore that I gaue the offence, I muſt ſatisfie for it, in defending innocents from ſlanderous tongues. This plaine Morall deuice was plotted only for the repreſſion and opening of *Vice*, and to the exaltation and triumph of *Vertue*, as hee himſelfe ſaith.

My ſleepy Muſe that wakes but now,
To vertues prayſe hath paſt her vow.

Vertue therefore being *Genus*, and Chaſtitie *Species*, if hee ſhould haue deſcribed it, either in *Genere*, or *Specie*, as ſome haue done, he might haue beene as obſcure as ſome others haue beene. Hee fained therefore an *Indiuiduum*, as it were a particular of this ſpeciall, the more familiarly to expreſſe it, as it were in common talke, as if one did anſwere another, to delight the reader the more, with variety of folly quenched preſently, with the like varietie of Vertue. To this fained *Indiuiduum*, he gaue this fained name *Auiſa*. Which poeticall fiction P. C. calleth a pamphlet. It is folly for a man to deſpiſe that which he cannot mend. The Author was vnknowne, not becauſe hee could not; but becauſe hee would not know him: his true name being open in euery Page. He ſaith: the Author hath regiſtred the meaneſt.

neſt. I thought that Chaſtitie had not beene the meaneſt, but rather one of the greateſt gifts, that God giueth to men or women. If by the meaneſt, he meane any other obiect or ſubiect of *Willobie* his Muſe, then Chaſtity itſelfe, (vnder the fained name of *Auiſa*) it is a meaning of his owne making; and a ſubiect of his owne ſuggeſtion, far from the mind of the firſt maker. None can eternize their folly in things which they neuer thought of: but I pray God ſome other haue not eternized their follies, more wayes then one. If this fained name of *Auiſa* miſlike any man, for any hidden or priuate cauſe to the Author or me vnknowne, let him call it what he will: So that he vnderſtand that it is Chaſtity it ſelfe, not any woman in the world, that is fained to giue theſe foyles to this foule vice.

Therefore whereas ſome in their grauity deſpiſe it for the lightneſſe, and thinke it is but a fantaſticall toy, without any reach or ſecret ſence, I will not ſtriue to turne the courſe of that ſtreame. Yet if my fancie might be admitted a iudge in this matter, it would produce a ſentence of a farre contrary nature. For it ſeemeth rather to me that the Author intending ſome rare exploit, endeuoured to deſcribe the doubtful combat, that is daily fought betweene Vice and Vertue, two princes of great power. And to that end he choſe out two of the moſt approued Captaines of both the Campes to trie the quarrell. Out of the one hee tooke *Luxuriam*, Lecherie, which as we ſee, ſwayeth the minds of the greateſt men, and commandeth largely. Out of the other, he

he oppoſeth *Caſtitatem*, Chaſtitie, a ſouldier rarely ſeene (in theſe dayes) to reſiſt the enemies Puſh, and therefore in one of his verſes, is called A Phœnix, or rare-ſeene bird.

The ſouldiers which hee drawes forth to fight vnder the banner of this Captaine Lecherie, are all eſtates and degrees, and all Countries and Common-wealthes : meaning, that no men, from the higheſt eſtate to the loweſt ; no Countries, from the moſt ciuill to the moſt barbarous, are free from the ſeruile ſubiection of this raging principality : So that in this part, hee deſcribeth the combats, the aſſaults, the intiſements, and allurements, which Noblemen, Gentlemen, and all other looſe and vnbridled mindes, can by money, wealth, pleaſure, force, fancy, or any other patheticall paſſion, procure, or deuiſe, to raze the walls of beſieged Chaſtity. Vnder whoſe banner he ſendeth forth onely one poore woman, of a fayned name (minding to ſhew what the propertie of good women ſhould bee) to reſiſt ſo many, ſo mighty, ſo ſtrong, and ſubtill enemies fighting with ſuch forcible weapons of honour authority, glorie, eaſe and pleaſure. Surely, he imagined, that in ſome women there was yet left ſo much Chaſtitie, as was able to reſiſt the lewd and diueliſh temptations of all men whatſoeuer. And therefore, through the whole booke, he attributeth the victory to vertue, and the foyle to folly.

And farther, where as in other bookes, there is found a bare deſcription onely, or naming of Vice or vertue, me thinkes in reading of this, my conceite

ceite tels mee that in the perſon of this woman all the morall vertues, with one voyce are heard pleading, and diſcourſing at large againſt vice, in a liuely action: In whoſe words, (if they bee conſidered from the beginning to the end) we may ſee, how the ſpirit of God ſtriueth againſt the Spirit of Sathan, by reaſons, by Scriptures, and by prophane Hiſtories, to lay open the greatneſſe, the fouleneſſe, the danger, and deceit of this deadly ſin, that rageth ſo hotly, in the vnmortified members of mortall men.

On the other ſide me thinks I ſee how the Deuill calling together all his companie, in hope of a conqueſt tries all wayes and aſſayes all meanes to effect his deſire. But his labor is imagined heere to be loſt, and that there is ſome modeſty, wiſedome, honeſtie and feare of God remaining yet in ſome women, ſufficient at all times to ouercome him. Therfore whoſoeuer accounteth this Poeme, but a vaine fiction, cutteth the throate of all feminine faith, and robbeth all chaſt Ladies of their chiefeſt honour.

Some others, being much addicted to that ſweete bitter ſinne of Leacherie, thinke their ſecret practices of bauderie, to be too plainely deſcribed, and therefore labour to haue it regiſtred for a meere toy, I will not, as a Phyſition aſſay, with *Helleborus* to purge their heads of thoſe humors, leaſt perhaps they bee of the men of *Abydus*, who (as *Ariſtotle* reporteth) being mad, tooke ſuch delight in their madneſſe that they were angry with them, that brought them to their wits.

Some

Some others there be, who when they haue read this booke, haue bluſhed to themſelues, finding, as they thought, their very words and writings which they had vſed in the like attempts. In which is to be noted, the force of a guilty conſcience, which feares where no feare is, and flyeth when no man followeth. Theſe fancies (forſooth) haue framed names to letters, of their owne deuices; and they haue imagined places of their owne placing, ſo fitly for euerie deſcription, that they will needs inforce the Author to ſpeake of them, whom he neuer knew; to ayme at their fancies, whoſe faces he neuer ſaw; and to Cypher their names, whoſe natures to him were ignorant and ſtrange.

Laſtly; concerning the fained name of AVISA I haue ſhewed the Authors deuice, and his reaſon for the fiction, in the firſt Preface, which I thought would haue quailed all other fictions whatſoeuer.

But yet if farder yee will haue my conceit, the order, words, and frame of the whole diſcourſe, force me to think that which I am vnwilling to ſay. That this name inſinuateth, that there was neuer ſuch a woman ſeene, as heere is deſcribed. For the word A'VISA is compounded, (after the Greeke manner) of the priuatiue particle *A*, which ſignifieth *Non*: and of the participle *Viſus, Viſa, Viſum*, which ſignifieth, Seene: So that *A'uiſa* ſhould ſignifie (by this) as much as *Non viſa*, that is: Such a woman as was neuer ſeene. Which if it bee true, then *Auiſa* is yet vnborne, that muſt reioyce in this prayſe. The Author in this booke compareth this vertue of Chaſtity vnto a Bird, as is ſeene in

his introduction, ſaying: *Of Vertues Bird*, my muſe muſt ſing.

For as the Birde by his wings mounteth in the aire vpwards to heauen: So Chaſtitie, where euer it is, makes the minde to mount from the baſe and filthy ſociety of earthly conceits, and fits it to flie vp to God, in heauenly meditations; whereas luſt and wicked pleaſures, chaine the minde in thraldome of fleſhly concupiſcence (as *Prometheus* was tyed to the hill *Caucaſus*) which will not ſuffer the thoughts to aſcend by any meanes. The ſame Hieroglyphicall alluſion they meant, that pictured S. *Iohn* with a Birde ſitting by him, to ſignifie, that of all the foure Euangeliſtes, hee in his Goſpell flew higheſt, and ſpake moſt of the Dietie of Chriſt. Now therefore the latine word of a Birde being *Auis*, and the Author (perchance) alluding vnto that, did the rather call, his victorious mouting victory of Vertue, by the name of *Auiſa*, as alluding to his owne alluſion. If any man therefore by this, ſhould take occaſion to ſurmiſe, that the Author meant to note any woman, whoſe name ſounds ſomething like that name, it is too childiſh and too abſurd, and not beſeeming any deepe iudgement, conſidering there are many things, which cannot be applyed to any woman.

But to conclude, thus much I dare preciſely auouch, that the Author intended in this diſcourſe, neither the deſcription or prayſe of any particular woman; nor the naming or cyphering of any particular man. But in generall vnder a fained name inſinuateth what godly and conſtant women ſhould

ſhould doe, and ſay in ſuch lewde temptations. And alſo, vnder fained letters, generally expreſſeth, what courſe moſt of theſe lawleſſe ſuters take, in purſuit of their fancied fooleries, and therefore this P. C. hath offred manifeſt iniurie to ſome, what euer they bee, whom his priuate fancie hath ſecretly framed in conceit.

This is the leaſt that I could ſay, and the laſt that euer I wil ſay touching this matter in defence of my friend. If any notwithſtanding will continue the errour of their vnſatisfied minds they muſt for euer reſt in the rightleſſe erring, till the Authour (now of late gone to God) returne from Heauen to ſatisfie them farder touching his meaning. And ſo farwel. Oxford this 30. of *Iune.* 1569.

***

Thine to vſe,

Hadrian Dorrell.

The victorie of Engliſh Chaſtitie,
Vnder the fained name of
AVISA.

FOr beauties Ball, in *Ida*-Vale,
Three Nimphes at once, did once contend,
The Princely *Shepheard* of the *Dale*,
By iudgement did the quarrell end:
That *Paris* might faire *Hellen* haue,
The *Golden Price* to *Venus* gaue.

In *Sea-bred* ſoyle, on *Tempe* downes,
Whoſe ſiluer ſpring, from *Neptunes* Well,
With mirth ſalutes the neighbour townes,
A hot *Contention* lately fell:
Twice two ſweet *Graces*, vrge the ſtrife,
Of two which was the *Conſtant'ſt* wife.

Faire *Venus* vaunts *Penelops* fame
From *Greece*, from liſtes of *Lauin Land*
Proud *Iuno* ſtoutly doth the fame,
Whoſe prayſe in princely wealth doth ſtand:
They both condemne *Diana's* choyce,
That to *Auiſa* gaue her voyce.

Then

Then came the pale *Athenian Muſe*,
Whoſe learned wiſdome paſt them all,
She with *Diana* did refuſe
The *Grecians* prayſe: though *Iuno* call,
Chaſte *Wit* to *Wealth* here will not yeeld:
Nor yet to ſtrangers leaue the field:

Contention.

Whil'ſt *Eris* flaſht theſe fretting flames,
A Noble prince in *Roſie* borne,
A noble man of Greece, not farre from Helicon.

Rogero hight, to *Angry* dames,
His flying ſteed, and pace did turne,
Which done they all pid ſtraight agree,
That this *Rogero*, Iudge ſhould be.

On flowrie bancks, this Councell pla'ſt,
From iealous *Iuno's* enuious eyes,
Long ſmothered hate flames forth at laſt,
In furious ſmoakes of angry cries:
As though ſhe had the Garland wan,
With ſcoffing termes, ſhe thus began.

The Oration of *Iuno* aganſt Engliſh Chaſtity vnder the name of *Auiſa*.

„ Stoop *Grecian* trumpes, ceaſe *Romans* prayſe,
„ Shut vp with ſhame, your famous dames;
„ Sith we our ſelues *Baſe Britans* rayſe
„ To ouer-Top their chiefeſt fames:
„ With *Noble* faith what madneſſe dare
„ Such *Nouell* gueſtes and faith compare?

„ *Penelope* muſt now contend
„ For chaſte renowne: whoſe conſtant heart,
„ Both Greeks and Latines all commend
„ With poore *Auiſa* new vpſtart,
„ I ſcorne to ſpeake much in this caſe,
„ Her prayſes *Riuall* is ſo baſe.

Pe-

Penelope ſprang from Noble houſe, „
By Noble match, twice Noble made, „
Auiſa, both by Syre and ſpouſe, „
Was linckt to men of meaneſt trade: „
What furie forc't *Diana's* wit, „
To match theſe two ſo farre vnfit? „

The *Grecian* dame of princely peeres „
Twice fifty flatly did denie: „
Twice ten yeeres long in doubtfull feares, „
Could new *Auiſa* ſo reply? „
And ſhe that is ſo ſtout and ſtrong, „
Could ſhe haue ſtaid but halfe ſo long? „

Fie, leaue for ſhame, thus to commend, „
So baſe a *Britaine*, ſhall I ſpeake? „
I thinke theſe Muſes did intend, „
To blow a glaſſe that ſhould not breake: „
Here *Venus* ſmilde, and *Iuno* ſtaid, „
Iudge now (quoth ſhe) for I haue ſaid. „

When *Pallas* heard this rufling rage,
Theſe toying ieſtes, this falſe ſurmiſe:
Shee pawſ'd which way ſhe might aſſwage,
The flame that thus began to riſe,
With ſetled grace and modeſt eye,
Thus did ſhee frame her milde reply.

The reply of *Pallas* againſt *Iuno* in defence of *Auiſa*.

Thou princely *Iudge* here maiſt thou ſee, „
What force in *Error* doth remaine, „
In Enuious Pride what fruites there be, „
To writhe the paths, that lie ſo plaine: „
A double darknes drownes the mind, „
Whom ſelfe will make ſo wilfull blind. „

Can

„ Can *Britaine* breede no *Phœnix* bird,
„ No conſtant feme in Engliſh field?
„ To Greece to Rome, is there no third,
„ Hath *Albion* none that will not yeeld?
„ If this affirme you will not dare,
„ Then let me *Faith* with *Faith* compare.

„ Let choyce reſpect of *Perſons* ſlide
„ Let *Faith and Faith* a while contend,
„ Vrge not the *Names* till cauſe be tride,
„ Tis onely *Faith*, that we commend,
„ We ſtriue not for *Auiſa's* fame.
„ We recke not of *Auiſa's* name.

Willoby deſcribed no particular woman, but only Chaſtity and faith it ſelfe vnder the name of *Auiſa.*

„ To proue him vaine, that vainely ſtriues,
„ That Chaſtity is no where found,
„ In Engliſh earth, in Britiſh wiues,
„ That all are fickle, all vnfound,
„ We framde a wench, we fain'd a name,
„ That ſhould confound them all with ſhame.

„ To this at firſt you did conſent,
„ And lent with ioy your helping hand,
„ You both at firſt were well content,
„ This fained frame ſhould firmely ſtand,
„ We to *Diana* gaue the maide,
„ That ſhe might no way be betraid.

Chaſtity is termed *Auiſa quaſi Non Viſa, aut ab Aue Altivolanto.*

„ The mounting *Phœnix, chaſt deſire,*
„ This *Vertue* fram'd, to conquer *Vice,*
„ This *Not-ſeene Nimph*, this heatleſſe fire,
„ This *Chaſt found Bird*, of noble price,
„ Was nam'de *Auiſa* by decree,
„ That *Name and nature* might agree.

If

If this *Auiſa* repreſent,
Chaſt Vertue in a fained *name*,
If *Chaſtity* it ſelfe be ment,
To be extold with laſting fame:
  Her Greekiſh gemme can *Iuno* dare,
  With this *Auiſa* to compare?

Let wiſe *Vlyſſes* conſtant mate,
Vaunt noble birth her richeſt boaſt,
Yet will her challenge come too late,
When *Pride and wealth* haue done their moſt,
  For this *Auiſa* from aboue
  Came downe whoſe Syre, is mighty *Ioue.*

How can you terme her then *Obſcure*,
That ſhines ſo bright in euery eye?
How is ſhe baſe that can endure,
So long, ſo much and mounts ſo hie?
  If ſhe you meane, haue no ſuch power,
  Tis your *Auiſa*, none of our.

This not ſeene bird, though rarely found,
In proud attire, in gorgeous gownes,
Though ſhee loue moſt the countrie ground,
And ſhunnes the great and wealthy townes,
  Yet if you know a bird ſo baſe,
  In this *Deuice* ſhe hath to place.

Was Greekiſh dame twice ten yeares chaſt,
Did ſhe twice fiftie flat deny?
Auiſa hath *Ten thouſand* paſt,
To thouſands daily doth reply,
  If your *Auiſa* haue a blot,
  Your owne it is, we know her not.

Chaſtity is the gift of God.

True Chaſtity is ſooner and oftner found in the pooreſt then in the richeſt.

Chaſtity is daily aſſaulted a thouſand wayes yet it ſtill getteth the victorie.

Some

„ Some greatly doubt your *Grecian* dame
„ Where all be true that Poets faine:
„ But *Chaſtity* who can for ſhame,
„ Denie ſhe hath, and will remaine.
„ Though women daily doe relent.
„ Yet this *Auiſa* cannot faint.

The effects, of true Chaſtitie.

„ She quels by *Reaſon* filthy *luſt*,
„ Shee chokes by *Wiſdome* leude Deſires,
„ Shee ſhunnes the baite that Fondlings truſt,
„ From Sathans ſleights ſhe quite retires,
„ Then let *Auiſa's* prayſe bee ſpread,
„ When rich and poore, when all are dead.

„ Let idle vaine, and *Flewent Rigges*,
„ Be *Canton'de* with eternall ſhame,
„ Let blowing buddes of bleſſed twigges,
„ Let *Chaſt-Auiſa* liue with fame:
„ This ſaid, *Sweet Pallas* takes her reſt,
„ Iudge *Prince* (quoth ſhe) what you thinke beſt.

The ſentence of *Rogero* againſt *Iuno*.

But wiſe *Rogero* pawſing ſtaid,
Whoſe ſilence ſeem'd to ſhew ſome doubt,
Yet this at laſt he grauely ſaid:
Ye *Nimphes* that are ſo faire, ſo ſtout,
Sith I your *Iudge* to Iudge muſt be,
Accept in worth, this ſhort decree.

„ The queſtion is, where *Grecian Ghoſt*,
„ Can ſtaine the ſtemme of *Troyan* raſe:
„ Where *Ithac Nimphes* may onely boaſt,
„ And *Brittiſh Faith* account as baſe,
„ Where old *Penelops* doubtfull ſame,
„ *Selfe Chaſtity* may put to ſhame?

I

I count *Vlyſſes* happy *Then*, „
I deeme our ſelues as happy *Now*, „
His wife denide all other men, „
I know them yet that will not bow, „
For *Chaſtity* I durſt compare, „
With *Greece*, with *Rome*, with who that dare „

Our Engliſh earth ſuch *Angels* breeds, „
As can diſdaine all *Forraine* prayſe, „ England for
For *Learning*, *Wit*, for *ſober Deeds*, „ Chaſtitie
All *Europe Dames* may learne their wayes: „ may yet
Sith I of both may take my choyce, „ compare
Our *Not-ſeene Bird* ſhall haue my voyce. „ with any
„ country in
„ the world.

Sweete Chaſtity ſhall haue my hand, „
In England found, though rarely ſeene, „
Rare Chaſtitie, To this I ſtand, „
Is ſtill as firme, as erſt hath beene: „
While this *Auiſa* is the ſhee, „ Concluſion.
This *Chaſt deſire* ſhall *Victor* be. „

The *Roſe* appeares in *Venus* face,
Vermillion dies pale *Iuno's* cheekes,
They both doe bluſh at this diſgrace,
But *Iuno* chiefe, ſomething miſlikes,
As though ſhe felt ſome inward touch,
That for her *Greeke* had ſpoke ſo much.

FINIS.

Thomas Willoby Frater
Henrici Willoby nuper defuncti.

The reſolution of a Chaſt and *a Conſtant Wife.*

THough winged birds do often ſcorne the lure,
And flying far, do thinke themſelues moſt ſure,
Yet fancie ſo his luring engines frame,
That wildeſt Harts in time become moſt tame.

Where ſecret nature frames a ſweet conſent,
Where Priuie fates their hidden force haue bent,
To ioyne in heart the bodies that are twaine,
Flie where you liſt you ſhall returne againe.

From fancies lore, I ſtriued ſtill to flie,
Long time I did my fortune flat denie,
Till at the length my wreſtling bred my woe,
Knowing that none their fortune can forgoe.

For while I liu'd in prime of vernant youth,
Falſhood that ſhew'd the face of fained truth,
Falſely gan weaue a web of wylie kinde,
So to intrap my plaine and ſimple mind.

Great were the ſuits, great were the friendly ſignes,
Sweet were the words, to poyſon tender minds,
Large were the gifts, great were the proffers made,
To force my mind to trie a truſtleſſe trade.

Great

Great were the wights, that daily did conſpire,
To plucke the roſe, their fancies did deſire,
Traile did the teares, in hope to purchaſe truſt,
Yet this was all no loue, but luring luſt.

No fancie could then force me to reply,
Nor moue my mind ſuch doubtfull deeds to try:
For well I knew although I knew not all,
Such tickle trades procure a ſudden fall.

Thus did I mount, thus did I flye at will,
Thus did I ſcape the fowlers painted skill,
Thus did I ſaue my feathers from their lime,
Thus did I liue, a long and happy time.

Cupid, that great and mightie Kings could moue,
Could neuer frame my heart to like of loue,
His limber ſhafts, and eke his golden dart,
Were ſtill too blunt, to pierce my ſteely hart.

Till at the length, as nature had aſſign'd,
Vnto the earth, I bent a willing mind:
He was the firſt, to whom I gaue my hand,
With free conſent, to liue in holy band.

Eua that gaue her faithfull promiſe ſo,
With *Adam* to liue in wealth and in woe,
Of faithfull heart could neuer haue more ſtore,
Then I haue felt, thrice three yeeres ſpace and more.

When I had giu'n my heart and free conſent,
No earthly thing could make me once repent,
No ſeas of griefe, no cares that I could find,
Could ſo preuaile, to make me change my mind.

Did fortune fawne, or did our fortune frowne,
Did he exalt, or did he caſt me downe,
My faithfull heart did euer make me ſing,
Welcome to me what euer fortune bring.

Now when I thought all dangers had beene paſt,
Of lawleſſe ſutes, and ſutors at the laſt;
The trade, the time, the place wherein I liue,
Vnto this Lampe, new oyle doe daily giue.

But like of this all you that loue to range,
My fixed heart likes not the skittiſh change,
Now haue I made the choyce that ſhall remaine,
Vengeance befall when I doe change againe.

Now haue I found a friend of high deſert,
I haue his loue, and he hath ſtolne my heart,
Now fortune packe with all thy pelting ſtore,
This is my choyce, I like to chuſe no more.

Ceaſe then your ſuites, you luſty gallants all
Thinke not I ſtoope at euery Faulkners call,
Truſſe vp your lures, your luring is in vaine,
Choſen is the Pearch, whereon I will remaine.

Spend not your breath in needleſſe fained talkes,
Seeke other mates, that loue ſuch rouing walkes,
None ſhall ere vaunt, that they haue my conſent,
Then let me reſt, for now I am content.

Great be your birth, and greater be your wealth,
I reckon more my credit and my health,
Though I be weake, my power very ſcant,
God ſo prouides that I ſhall neuer want.

Be

Be mine owne at home, or be he abſent long,
Abſent or preſent this ſtill ſhall be my ſong,
Fortune my friend, a friend to me hath lent,
This is my choyce, and therewith am content.

Range they that liſt, and change who euer will,
One hath mine oath, and his I will be ſtill,
Now let vs fall, or let vs riſe on hie,
Still will I ſing, now well content am I.

The prayſe of a contented *minde.*

THe God that fram'de the fixed Pole,
And Lampes of gleaming light,
The azure skies, and twinkling ſtars,
To yeeld this pleaſant ſight;
In wiſedome pight this peereleſſe plot,
A rare ſurpaſſing frame,
And ſo with braue and ſweet delights,
Hath fraught and deckt the ſame,
That euery creatures keepe his courſe,
His compaſſe and his place,
And with delightfull ioyes outrunnes,
His pointed time and race.
In one conſent they friendly ioyne,
From which they cannot fall,
As if the Lord hath firſt ordain'd,
One ſoule to guide them all.
In euery part there doth remaine,
Such loue and free conſent,
That euery frame doth kiſſe his lot,
And cries I am content.
The Artike Pole that neuer moues,
By which the ſhipmen ſayle,
Craues not to change his frozen Axe,
Nor from his place to ſteale,
The fixed ſtarres, that ſeldome range,
Delight their circles ſo,
That from their choyce by wanton change,
They neuer yeeld to go.

The

The Sunne and Moone that neuer hide,
Their braue reſplendent rayes,
Did neuer wiſh in wauering will,
To change their wonted wayes.
The Roaring Sea, with Ebbes and tides,
That leapes againſt the land,
Is yet content for all his rage,
To ſtay within his band.
The floting Fiſh, the ſinging Bird,
All beaſts with one conſent,
To liue according to their kind,
Doe ſhew themſelues content.
So that by practice and by proofe,
This ſentence true I find,
That nothing in this earth is like,
A ſweete contented mind.
The Beaſtes, the Birds, and ayrie powers,
Doe keepe their compaſſe well,
And onely man aboue the reſt,
Doth loue for to rebell.
This onely man the Lord aboue,
With reaſon did indue,
Yet onely man, vngratefull man,
Doth ſhew himſelfe vntrue.
No ſooner was braue *Adam* made,
But Sathan wrought his thrall,
For not content, aſpiring pride
Procur'd his ſudden fall.
The princely Primroſe of the Eaſt,
Proud *Eua* gaue conſent,
To change her bliſſe to bale, for that
Her minde was not content.

Thus may the darkeſt eye perceiue,
How folly ſtrikes vs blind,
Thus may we ſee the often change,
Of mans vnconſtant mind.
The Moone, the Sea, by natures courſe,
Do not ſo often change,
As doe the wits and wanton wills,
Of ſuch as loue to range.
The wrangling range that held from home
Vlyſſes all too long,
Made chaſte *Penelope* complaine,
Of him that did her wrong.
She loathſome dayes, and lingring nights,
Her time in ſpinning ſpent:
She would not yeeld to change her choyſe,
Becauſe ſhe was content.
Such calme content doth plainely ſhew,
That loue did much abound,
Where free conſent breeds not content,
Such faith is ſeldome found.
For careleſſe *Cryſid* that had giu'n,
Her hand, her faith, and heart,
To *Troylus* her truſty friend,
Yet falſely did depart:
And giglot like from Tröy towne,
To Grecians campe would goe,
To *Diomede*, whom in the end,
She found a faithleſſe foe,
For hauing ſliu'd the gentle ſlip,
His loue was turn'd to hate.
And ſhee a leper did lament,
But then it was too late.

Now

Now ſooliſh fancie was the cauſe,
This *Cryſid* did lament.
For when ſhe had a faithfull friend,
She could not be content.
Ten thouſand fell at *Troyes* ſiege,
Whoſe bloud had not beene ſpent,
If fickle headed *Hellen* could,
At firſt haue beene content.
You cannot in the Serpents head,
Such deadly poyſon find,
As is the fained loue that liues,
With diſcontented mind.
Of all the wiſedome of the wiſe,
That I could euer tell,
This wiſedome beares the chiefeſt ſway,
To ſtay when we be well.
As ſweeteſt Muſicke rudely iarres,
Except there be conſent:
So hotteſt loue doth quickly coole,
Except it be content.
Of all the braue refounding words,
Which God to man hath lent,
This ſoundeth ſweeteſt in mine eare,
To ſay, *I am content.*

Euer or neuer.

FINIS.

Issue.

For the Fourth Year 1870-1.

8. A Handefull of Pleasant Delites, by Clement Robinson, and divers others. Reprinted from the Original Edition of 1584.
9. Juvenilia: Poems by George Wither, contained in the collections of his *Juvenilia* which appeared in 1626 and 1633. *Part I.*
10. Juvenilia: Poems by George Wither. *Part II.*

For the Fifth Year 1871-2.

11. Juvenilia: Poems by George Wither, contained in the collections of his *Juvenilia* which appeared in 1626 and 1633. *Part III.*
12. Miscellaneous Works of George Wither. Reprinted from the Original Editions. *First Collection.*

For the Sixth Year 1872-3.

13. Miscellaneous Works of George Wither. Reprinted from the Original Editions. *Second Collection.*
14. Works of John Taylor the Water Poet, not included in the Folio Volume of 1630. Reprinted from the Original Editions. *Second Collection.*

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15. Flovvers of Epigrammes, out of sundrie authours selected, as well auncient as late writers. By Timothe Kendall. Reprinted from the Original Edition of 1577.
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For the Thirteenth Year 1879-80.

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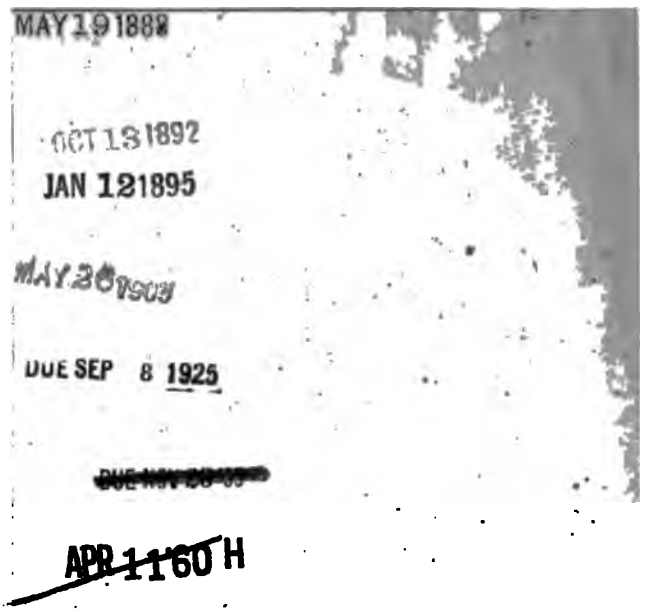
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